

# THE CHRONICLE

THE HORSEMAN'S WEEKLY JOURNAL  
A True Line Needs No Lash

BREEDING  
FOX HUNTING  
RACING  
HORSE SHOWS

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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Two Best Books Of Fiction  
On Race Horses Both  
Penned By Women

It is an arresting fact that the two best books of fiction with racing or race horses as their subject, that have appeared in recent years, are from the pens of women.

Those referred to are National Velvet which was a "best-seller" a few seasons ago; and Thunderhead, just lately published and now one of the most popular novels on sale.

When this statement—which, of course, is one of purely personal preference but will, I think, be generally endorsed—is made, however, it must be understood that—otherwise the two books are as widely different as well could be.

National Velvet is a tale of almost pure fantasy. It is a fabric of sheer imagination, with just enough of actuality to locate it this side of fairy-land.

Yet at the same time it is so perfectly conceived and exquisitely written that it emerges from fairy-land in the most amazing manner to end in a running of the Grand National at Aintree—which, of course, is purely fictitious but just as convincing.

Thunderhead, on the other hand, is composed, both warp and woof, of actuality. Barring a few impossibilities, such as fiction permits, it might all have happened. Every page and every paragraph of every page is almost a literal transcript from life, sublimated just sufficiently so it takes on a greater intensity and a more thrilling impact. Just what we demand in a work of fiction intended, for the nonce, to lift us out of the hum-drum of every day and transport us into an atmosphere and a life far removed from our own, while at the same time having "a local habitation and a name" quite realistic.

National Velvet is by an English-woman—and nobody else could possibly have written it. Thunderhead is by an American woman—and nobody else could possibly have written it.

The former depicts a small, close world, peopled by intensely amusing and artistically-revealed characters, that enact a pure comedy which is a triumph of imaginative construction and delicately humorous delineation. There is a smile on every page—and the conclusion adds just the proper touch of melodrama to round out the whole in a most delightful manner.

There is a lightness of touch, with  
Continued on Page Sixteen

## 285 Nominees For 1944 Runnings Of Classic And Derby

Arlington-Washington Park  
Fixtures Drawing Top  
1943 Juveniles

Controversies over the relative merits of the juveniles of 1943 may continue to rage indefinitely, but since those youngsters turned three on January 1, the question of what they will do in their sophomore year of 1944 is a matter of far greater interest to racing enthusiasts as they look forward to the approaching season.

In that connection, the lists of nominations for the \$50,000 Arlington Classic and \$50,000 American Derby are a sort of directory of prospective leading 3-year-olds. The Classic drew 144 nominees, the Derby 141. In 129 instances the same horse is in both stakes, while 15 were named for the Classic only and 12 for the Derby alone.

Incidentally, first eligibility payments for these fixtures are due February 15, along with payments on the four early closing juvenile stakes on the Arlington-Washington Park program—the two \$25,000 Futurities, the \$15,000 Arlington Lassie and \$15,000 Princess Pat Stakes, the latter two for fillies.

Practically every 1943 juvenile of prominence, fillies as well as colts, is among the Classic-Derby nominees.

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## Diary Tells How Washington Got Where He Slept

GEORGE WASHINGTON RODE A HORSE HERE—Thanks to Samuel J. Henry writing in The Chronicle (Middleburg, Va.) here are some notes on how George Washington got around to all those places where he is reputed to have slept. When complimented on his skill in the saddle Washington replied, "I can thank my father for that. No horse can unseat me so long as he remains on his feet." But George was only nine when his father died so he must have been a natural horseman, too.

The Father of His Country was more than a novice at the veterinarian science for on his birthday in 1760 he spent the evening trying to repair the smashed foreleg of a horse named Jolly. His diary that day says: "Did it up well as I could this night. Had the horse slung upon canvas and his leg fresh set."

As a farmer Washington had his troubles with the horses for in one instance he wrote that he began plowing the field and used a bay mare and a horse named King. But King couldn't be prevailed upon to plow, but anyhow "the plows run very badly." That wasn't to be the first trouble farmer Washington was to have with a King. He was a good prospect at any and all times for new stock. Frequently in his diary are such passages as: "Bought from

Continued on Page Four

## Steeplechasers Are Getting Ready For Spring Meetings

Trainer Jack Skinner Will  
Have 17 To Start His  
1944 Campaign

With more winter weather ahead and snow on the ground at the present time, it may seem a bit early to start discussing steeplechasers of 1944. However, at Jack Skinner's stable in Ridge View, Middleburg, Virginia, the 'chasers have just about finished their lay off and are getting in shape for the Spring meetings. Already several have been taken up and the preliminary steps taken toward getting them ready for the schooling season. Jack expects to have his horses up by first part of February and will be ready when the ground loosens up enough to start schooling.

In 1943 he was 2nd among the leading trainers for money won and 4th in races won. Starting his 1944 campaign he will have 17 starting over brush and 2 on the flat, with the possibility that he may start Mrs. Skinner's Carteret on the flat.

Greentree Stable's \*This England, a dark bay horse by Hyperion—Sarita, by Swynford, now a 5-year-old, was sold to the Cuban Government last fall and will stand at stud there. He was trained by Jack last year.

Some of the older 'chasers will not be taken up just yet but will be gotten ready for the Fall racing. Included in his string will be 6 of Rokeby Stables' horses, headed by the 'chasers Good Chance, Caddle, Bank Note, Beamish Boy and Rokeby Jake. A 2-year-old, American Way by \*Gino—Sun Chance, by Chance Shot, will be trained on the flat.

Isador Bieber's colors are represented by that well-known steeple-chaser, \*Frederic II. Not at all noted for a beautiful appearance, \*Frederic II makes up over brush what he lacks in appearance. He is usually among the leaders and can be depended upon to turn in his best in the field. Epindel, Shim Sham, Sea-fight and Muffled Drums complete the list of the Bieber-owned steeplechasers.

Edward Jenkins has 2 horses to be put in training, Sunbee, 9, brown gelding by \*Sun Charmer—Honey Girl II, by Honey Bee, to be schooled over brush and a 2-year-old by Cloth O'Gold for the flat.

A champion from the show ring will make his first appearance over  
Continued on Page Eleven

## JOE AND GLEE

By Bart Mueller

Even in summer and a thousand miles from hunting country, that is, riding to hound country, memories of past hounds and hunts often occupy my leisure. As I write this from Shelby county, Tennessee, where Joe and Glee were bred and raised, familiar fields and woods remind me of their past exploits.

Joe, Glee and I ended our fox hunting in Maryland; Joe for good, Glee—missing in action, me, for the duration I regret to suppose. Some of the events of the varied but parallel lives of these two favorite hounds of mine have been told around the Wythmore Club and some occurred within their territory.

I am sure Mr. Clagget Dorsey, Honorary Whip of Wythmore, doesn't yet believe that Joe, a full-blooded Redbone hound, pointed quail occasionally while in Tennessee

but I have seen it and swear to it. Mr. Obannon, the farm manager, has seen me take a shot gun and hunt rabbits with Joe on off days, but no member of the club can honestly say they ever saw him run a rabbit while out with the fox pack.

I'll continue to use actual names and places as I "brag" about my hounds as further proof of their doings. I bought Joe from Leland Graham (colored) at Germantown, Tennessee for eight dollars and a job. The alternative was ten dollars, a "not for sale" price at the time. His voice is really what sold me on him. It was the longest, loudest, deepest, most resounding horn voice I have ever heard a hound pour out.

I could see what I was getting; in fact I could pretty near see through  
Continued on Page Five

# Hunting Notes:-



## O'Malley Knott Hears From England

Dear O'Malley,

This is a very special letter for you—and The Chronicle if you think it's worth sending on—to tell you of my Boxing Day hunt with the Pytchley.

We're sitting around the fire at Cottisbrooke Hall just as we used to do at Longueville after our Irish hunts, only the high spot of tea today was not eggs—or even one egg—but a raisin cake with real icing, for which the cook had hoarded sugar and raisins for months. The result was a triumph which would have rivalled any pre-war concoction and we fell upon it just as we used to fall upon those Irish teas at Longueville. I'm with Katharine and Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan, who have been veritable good Samaritans and taken me in for a family weekend. Three of the children are home; John, the 18-year-old, back from Sandhurst, and Jim and Mary who were out on their ponies this morning. John was well mounted on a handsome chestnut, bred in Ireland—Jean, who is 21, and a V. A. D., couldn't get leave for the Christmas holidays.

Yesterday David Yandell came over from the 8th Air Force Depot, where he is stationed, and we spent a heavenly afternoon at the Pytchley kennels. He was not able to go to London, as all travel was forbidden over the holidays if it meant a trip of more than twenty miles from one's base, so Cottisbrooke offered the perfect solution. The great problem was how to get to Brixworth to see the kennels, for it is more than three miles from here and no petrol is allowed for anything so frivolous as a pleasure trip and we knew we wouldn't have time to walk there and back between lunch and black-out time. After much discussion, bicycles were suggested and promptly produced, flat tires pumped up, and away we went—Reggie, Jim (the 12-year-old), David and I. Reggie said that in all the years he had been to the kennels, both while he was Master, before and after, he had never been on a bicycle!

It was lovely soft, damp day, surprisingly clear and very still. A pale wintry sun hung low in the sky and the country looked very green and lush. By the feel of the air it might have been March or early April, and one almost expected to find primroses by the roadside.

We pedalled down the long driveway, out the gate past the lodge, and along the country road to Brixworth. We stopped on a hill and Reggie showed us where Munnings had painted the great picture of the Pytchley hounds and Barker, the huntsman, with Cottisbrooke Hall in

the distance. You probably know the painting—it is one of my favorites for the hills in the background remind me of Millbrook, and Barker has a slight look of Aubrey Chadwell about him. After seeing Barker hunt hounds today, I can see that the resemblance goes even farther, for he—like Aubrey—is a beautiful horseman, lithe, quick and graceful on a horse.

We finally pedalled through Brixworth, with its mossy old stone houses and thatched roofs, up a hill so steep we had to get off and push our bicycles, and into the kennels. Here we were met by Barker, who parked my bicycle with the same respect with which he might have held a horse for me to dismount after a great hunt. We went out into the yard of well scrubbed flags and the stallion hounds were brought in. First came Bedle, a grand big hound, beautifully marked in traditional style and hard to fault, according to David's judgment, which I know is better than mine, when it comes to hounds. Next bounded in a couple, Crusader and Cromwell, both fawn and white without the usual black saddle and as well matched as two peas in a pod. After them came two more, and then the bitches. Before the war, 60 couple were kept in kennels, now there are 23. I remember an American telling me some years ago that he considered the Pytchley bitch pack the fastest in England (and he had hunted with the best). Both Reggie and Barker agreed they had been breeding for speed and it was easy to see they had been successful.

The bitches looked surprisingly fit, considering that they have been hunting only two days a week instead of the usual four, and are hunting now on a war time basis. This means actually going out to kill foxes. Hence the earths are not stopped as formerly—(thereby insuring a good run.) but if a fox goes to ground or down a drain, he is bolted by a terrier, or dugout, and promptly turned over to the hounds. This seems almost murderous, but the alternative would be to trap or shoot them, and the former takes labor, and the latter cartridges, both of which are notable by their absence. We saw four foxes killed today, one of which had crawled into a drain, and three were dug out of the same earth.

Naturally this takes away some of the sport and precludes the possibility of long points and the great hunts of pre-war times, but these would be difficult anyway with all the plow and wire which are a necessity today.

Baily's last "Hunting Directory" printed before the war (it has since

been discontinued) describes the Pytchley country as very strongly fenced and consisting of almost uninterrupted pasture. Baily adds "a bad horse cannot get over the country at all, and a second-class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve" (Brooksby). He must be the best hunter bred; bold, fast, a big jumper, temperate, and able to stay."

Although nearly every hunt in the book (including our American ones) boasts of the difficulties and dangers of their own particular country and the fact that none but the best horse can cross it, I can well believe it is no idle boast on the part of the Pytchley. Having covered a good part of their territory on my Red Cross tours, I can easily imagine what a six or eight-mile point must have been on a good scenting day in the era of "uninterrupted pasture". The fences are big and stout of the "cut and laid" variety, but due to the shortage of farm labor the majority of these have now grown into formidable bullfinches. There is usually an oxer on one side or the other, and today, instead of rails between the posts, wire has been extensively used, making them really unjumpable. There is always the inevitable ditch, and if it isn't on the near side of the fence, you may be sure it is hidden on the far side. You must have a horse with a stout heart who can fly at a fence with perhaps a double oxer and ditches on both sides and take them all in his stride. None of this checking and setting him back on his hocks as we used to do for the banks in Ireland. It would be suicidal here.

We pedalled back from the kennels as the sun was sinking in the west. The sky was a pale turquoise green and the rays of the setting sun turned the clouds to gold and crimson, while wisps of mist settled in the valleys. It was suddenly cold and we were glad to see Cottisbrooke again and its warming fires.

When the talk turned to hunting and Katharine asked if I'd like a horse today, it was with some trepidation that I admitted I had brought some jodhpurs, but really would feel more suitably mounted on a bicycle. One day's cubbing in two years is hardly enough to keep you in top condition, even though that one day was five and a half hours, of pure delight with David and Mary Burghley before they left for Bermuda, where David was to take up his new post as Governor. He was hunting his own hounds and Mary had given me her pet horse, both of which proved a joyful respite from war.—However, one can never real-

ly forget there is a war on, and the sweet cry of hounds was punctuated by distant gunfire and the roar of Spitfires overhead. Today it was heavy bombers which darkened the sky at intervals.

Katharine said she did have an Irish horse, a confidential animal, which had taken care of her in her equally unfit condition, and she was sure would do the same for me. So the bicycle was discarded in favor of Dunboyne, for Katharine was going out on foot to look after Mary who was trying a new pony.

This morning dawned clear and mild, with not a breath of wind. It was so still you could hear for miles and I hung out of my window breathlessly when the distant cry of hounds floated down the vale. Soon they came into view, nicely packed around Barker's chestnut, with one whip following on a stout bay. They jogged gaily across the Park and around to the front of Cottisbrooke. I jammed on my old felt hat, having brought no bowler (Derby to you), flew down the stairs and out the door, praying inwardly and earnestly that Dunboyne and I would get on together and stay together.

The hounds were a picture—seventeen and a half couple, with little to choose between them. They were behaving in such a mannerly fashion that the Whip (Barker's seventeen-year-old son) had little to do. I recognised the dog hounds we had seen yesterday and a few of the bitches. The shiny black nose of a terrier protruded from a leather bag which

Continued on Page Six

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## Most of your friends away?

IF most of your friends are away now—in the service—doing war jobs—don't you feel left behind sometimes?

Why not get in the midst of this war? Join the WAC!

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# Witty Parsons And Foxhunters

By Samuel J. Henry

Someone was saying recently in The Chronicle that the reverend clergy had deserted the hunting field; that they were no longer to be found riding to hounds. This is to be regretted for in the past they have with admirable puissance furnished their share of the color and humor which traditionally has been an integral part of fox hunting. Here's hoping that the gentlemen of the cloth will soon return to the fold, and while I am not sure that many foxhunters with whom I have associated really have a soul, the proximity of the Lord's spiritual to such pagans is never other than beneficial to the said pagans.

The best assortment of witty, sporting parsons I have had the pleasure of knowing, and that only in the literary sense, are those to be found in Richard Clapham's clever book of some years back, "Foxes, Foxhounds and Foxhunting".

In it Clapham, who evidently got the smell of the fox up his nostrils at an early age, gives us many a chuckle when he refers to the reverend clergy and other characters. Just by way of evoking a moment of humorous relaxation in these grim war times, I quote some portions of Clapham's work.

But first let us hear of John Peel's reputation, as viewed by Peel's old chums of Ireby, in the Lakeland dales of England. "As for his drinking, by goby, he wad drink, wad Peel, till he couldn't stand, an' they daw clap him on t' pony and away he wad gang as reet as a fiddle. Odds—barns! they were hunters i' them days."

Speaking of another hard character, Clapham tells about Jack Parker, huntsman of the Sinnington, who declared, "Gentlemen don't drink nowadays. Ah think they mun a takken ta lappen up t' tooth watter i' their bed rooms instead". Both Peel and Parker loved a merry gathering and "O'er the bottle at eye" would tell hunting yarns to while away the hours—conviviality came next to hunting.

Old Jack Parker had a wife, the genuine article for a huntsman as this episode proves. Her name was Fanny. She helped her husband by strapping his horse and gathering in hounds. One day as Fanny was leading a puppy, with several couples following behind, she was met by a lady who expressed surprise at her job. "D'ye think", replied Fanny, "ahs yan o' them wimmen at sits at yam an leaws pretty all daay lang and diz nowt?"

Now let us get along with the reverend gentlemen, for it appears that

some of them were quaint fellows in the old days, according to our present day standards; extremely badly paid for their labors, yet many of them keen on sport. More than one member of the cloth supervised the running of an ale house and when forced to leave jolly company, would do so with the words, "I will but preach and be with you again."

A sporting padre once officiated at Troutbeck, by name of Sewell. He was devoted to fox hunting and eked out his stipend by farming. One Sunday he leaned over the pulpit and asked a member of his congregation: "Have you seen owt o' two lile sheep o' mine amang yours? They're smitted i' t' ear like yours, but deeper i' t' smit." On another occasion when asked to pray for fine weather, he replied to his clerk, "It's nae use, Tommy, as lang as t' wind's i' this quarter." Once on arriving at the church, the members of the congregation found the door shut and Rev. Sewell's clerk mounted on a flat tombstone calmly announcing: "This is to gie notice that there will be nae service i' this church for fower weeks, as t' parson's best game hen hes setten hersel i' t' pulpit."

Here's a little quip on a sightless but alert parson: On one occasion when a farmer clattered down the aisle in his clogs, the blind shepherd of souls stopped the service to enquire, "Wha's that come in?" "It's Dan Mosson frae Fell End." Quick came the snapper: "Afoot or on horse back?"

## SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point,  
North Carolina.  
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The Sedgfield hounds were out Thursday, January 6, with the meet at the Sedgfield Stables at 3 p. m. It was rather cold with a high wind and Huntsman and Master and a field of four started out with grave doubts of the possibility of a decent run. Quite a bit of territory was covered, but everything was drawn blank, and no credit could be given to the day but that of a pleasant ride.

On Saturday, January 8, the meet was at ten o'clock at the Adams farm, and the atmosphere was raw with a feeling of snow in the air—which developed into a real snow-storm during the afternoon and night. The wind was quiet, and everyone had anticipations of a good day. Hounds worked frantically over

a great deal of territory, and yet it was impossible to work out a line. Apparently night hunters had again been into the territory, and ruined the day for the Sedgfield.

Two blank days in succession are discouraging, but the unusually fine hunts prior to those two days brought the average up to the point where no one seemed to feel that there was much right for dissatisfaction—T. V. R.

Following is list of fixtures for the rest of the season:

Saturday, January 22—casting from Embassy Club 10 A. M., followed by Breakfast, given to members riding, by Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Rochelle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kearns.

Thursday, January 27—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, January 29—casting from Stables 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 3—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 5—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 10—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 12—casting from Stables 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 17—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 19—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 24—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 26—casting from Embassy Club 10 A. M., followed by Breakfast, given for members riding, by Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Melner, Mr. LeRoy Briggs.

Thursday, March 2—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, March 4—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Thursday, March 9—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, March 11—casting from Stables 10 A. M.

Thursday, March 16—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, March 18—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Members of the Moore County Hounds plan to hunt with us in the near future and Mrs. Willis Slane, acting Joint Master, will give a tea at that time.

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Back the Attack!  
WITH WAR BONDS  
\* \* \* \* \*

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## Ellerslie Stallions

### SEASON OF 1944

Charlottesville, Va.

#### FLARES

Bay, 1933  
(PROPERTY OF BELAIR STUD)

by GALLANT FOX—FLAMBINO, by \*WRACK

Was sire of the stakes winners CHOP CHOP and TEENTEE in his first season; he was a winner of the Newmarket St. Leger, Champion Stakes, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and the Ascot Gold Cup, all with big weights.

Fee \$250 Return

#### TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

by \*SIR GALLAHAD III—HELOISE, by FRIAR ROCK

Was the leading two-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity; 10 of his 13 starters in his first crop and 10 of 12 starters in his second crop are winners; he is a full brother to BOY KNIGHT, stake winner two-year-old this year, and half brother to the stake winners DINNER DATE, and SGT. BYRNE. A yearling half brother sold for \$33,000 this year at Meadowbrook.

Fee \$150 Return

Both TINTAGEL and FLARES stand complimentary to stake winners and dams of stake winners.

#### POMPEY

Bay, 1923

by \*SUN BRIAR—CLEOPATRA, by CORCYRA

Is the sire of four stake winners this year—WHIRLABOUT, ANTHEMION, BIRCH ROD and POMPION. He is also sire of the champion two-year-olds of their years LADYSMAN and POMPOON. His get have won nearly \$1,700,000 to date, and 64% of his foals are winners.

Fee \$250 Return

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal, to be claimed by December 1, 1944. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit. No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

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by RALPH BANDINI  
illustrated from photographs

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## The Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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# Editorials

## POST WAR SPORT

War always brings out clearly that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

We say this in no critical, unpatriotic way because it seems to be the way things run. Various special services are inspired by war to do splendid work and under our American way of doing things, get well paid for it.

While we are all more or less conscious that things will never be as they were, there are indications that horse and hound interest will have a boom when the war is over. Money returns to the soil, and it's a healthy sign, and at the end of this war, as at the end of every other war, there will be new money, in new hands, making it possible for its possessors to enjoy country sports. People want to ride; they want fun and exercise in the air, and the horse will ever be the medium of these in the most healthful and delightful way. There's no truer saying than that "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man."

Riding schools all over the country report more people and more beginners wanting to ride than ever.

We hope many newcomers in the horse game will be interested in all details, and in this connection we want to mention that interesting, practical and well illustrated book *Sporting Stables and Kennels* by Richard V. N. Gambrell and James C. McKenzie, foreword by James W. Appleton, M. F. H., Derrydale Press, New York. The detail and measurements given in the plans shown will be permanent practical guides to the man wanting a comfortable attractive stable and the plans shown can be carried out in economical structures just as well as in the beautiful and elaborate stables shown in the book.

## COL. WINN PLEADS FOR UNITY

Col. Matt Winn, recently elected to take over the job of running Empire City in New York and Laurel in Maryland on top of Churchill Downs and Lincoln Fields, has suggested that "racing pull itself together," adding that the sport needs "unity and unison", among racing associations to keep up the tremendous proportions to which it has grown.

Col. Winn who has had a half century of racing behind him, speaks words of wisdom. Last year, almost a billion dollars—\$710,000,000 was bet by race goers. The states garnered \$32,500,000 in taxes while the federal government annexed many more millions and the tracks contributed some \$5,000,000 to various war relief societies. Racing has grown to be a tremendous business and it's still growing.

There is a great need now for unity if racing wants to maintain the position it now holds, and the tracks from coast to coast have a definite job to do, not only to insure good racing, but to guarantee the best interests of the fans. This is their responsibility, and they must see that racing is conducted as it should be, on a high plane safe from the critical darts of reformers. Definite stands on racing problems by all tracks working under a central organization, such as the Thoroughbred Racing Association, is a big step toward better racing and one that will insure better sport for the fan.

## Eugene Fisher

A letter from my mother yesterday contained the sad news of Genie's death. She said "I feel as if one of the members of my family had died. I know how broken up you will be."

Genie had joined the C. B. Branch of the Navy in August. I was able to see him for one day when I was home on leave at that time. The last word from him was from a Naval Hospital at Pensacola, Florida. A telegram to his wife, now living at 77 Pond Street, South Braintree, Mass., informed her of Genie's death on board a train which was transferring him to a Naval Hospital in Maryland.

Practically every hunt that I enjoyed during the past ten years was shared by Genie and enjoyed as much by him. It was he that was responsible for the great little pack known as the "Covelane Beagles". The hounds were always referred to as "our" hounds, and Genie's heart and soul were tied up in those small bitches.

Genie started working for my mother and me in about 1931. At that time he had a beagle bitch called Queenie that used to accompany him to work every morning. Queenie had a litter in our barn; that was the beginning of the Covelane Pack. Genie worked all day on the farm. Besides doing the farm work he looked after four horses, two cows and the pigs. The early mornings and the evenings were the only times for the beagles. He never went to the movies, he never took a day off unless it was to hunt the hounds. I used to hunt with him when I could but he did all the hard work. The kennels were always clean, the hounds always in good condition.

Our first important success was in 1936 at the Nationals where we won the Rockefeller Cup. Our greatest triumph was four years later, at Gladstone, where we made a clean sweep, winning the 13" two couple, the 13" four couple, and the eight couple. The Readington plate for the best 13" four couple at Gladstone was retired by us after winning it three years in succession against such competition as "The Foxcatcher", "The Treweryn", the "Readington" and the "Sir Sister" packs. All these triumphs and many more at the field trials were almost entirely due to Genie's untiring efforts. He was the best man with hounds I ever knew.

But Genie was not only a good hound man. He was also a great companion and one of the best friends I ever had. He was devoted to my mother, to my children, to my wife and to me. We laughed much on our long trips together and talked over every detail of those many hunts and good times.

Genie's hunting days are over and I feel now as if mine were also. I may start again after the war but beagles and hunting will never again have the same flavor without Genie Fisher.

Capt. Josiah H. Child  
A. A. B. Alamogordo, N. M.

## Lindsey Re-elected Head Of Horse Show

John T. Lindsey was re-elected president of the Clarke County Horse and Colt Show Association at the annual meeting held in Berryville on Saturday of last week.

Other officers elected were Major Kenneth N. Gilpin, first vice-president; Edward B. Lindsey, second

vice-president; Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh, third vice-president; A. B. Hummer, secretary-treasurer, and Leonard H. Bell, manager.

Directors elected were John T. Lindsey, Edward B. Lindsey, Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh, Leonard H. Bell, A. B. Hummer, George H. Levi, Capt. Ewart Johnston, W. Lodge Bowles, A. Mackay Smith, Major Kenneth N. Gilpin and Dr. Lewis M. Allen.

## Washington's Diary

Continued from Page One

Dogue Run Plantation 15 mares supposed to be in foal." And again he purchased a pair of greys from a Colonel's Byrd and to be certain of what he was getting, he paid the Colonel's coachman five shillings to tell him what he really thought of the animals. Another time Washington was out riding to the mill when he met a man from Augusta who had a drove of horses of which George purchased four.

Unlike a number of people in racing today and others who go to the races for a friendly wager, Washington had a pronounced partiality for grey horses. (A few years ago E. E. Fogelson of Texas turned this preference into practice and ran nothing but grey horses in his silks, but it wasn't a very profitable venture).

In the Autumn of 1787 the number of mares owned by George Washington was listed at approximately 49. But he was a shrewd farmer and of this band of mares only sixteen were sent to his good stallion *Magnolia* and the remaining thirty-three were bred to the Jack Ass.

As a trader Washington was pretty good. Light Horse Harry Lee, father of General Robert E. Lee, offered him 5,000 acres of land in Kentucky for the stallion *Magnolia* which Washington accepted.

At one point in his diary he noted that the work on the plantation was pretty well disorganized and concluded it was because of a nearby race meeting. But he had little reason to complain for his diary makes frequent mention of visits to the races not only at adjacent points but of long trips by horse to Annapolis. One day a nearby ferry service was temporarily discontinued "because they were all, including the overseer, at the races".

Even after he was President Washington he continued to deal in horses. But his interest gradually became more concerned with increasing the number of mules which were badly needed in this country at that time. The best mules were in Spain but a law in that country forbade the export of blooded stock. The King of Spain, however, on learning of President Washington's interest sent two of the best Jacks available. One of them died on the way and the other named *Royal Gift* was placed on service at Mount Vernon. General LaFayette also sent a Jack to Washington named *Knight of Malta*.

The following is an account from his diary giving a precise statement of his expenses in connection with a visit to the races at Annapolis, Md., in 1762: "Traveling expenses £2 10s; servants, in trip, 7s; sundry tickets to play there, £1; sundry tickets to the ball there, 12s; two boxes of claret, £25 in Maryland currency, £20 4s; a horse, £50 in Maryland currency; charity, £2 3s; cash lost on races, £1 6s; and from all this was deducted £13 won at cards." —T. R. A. Release



# Whitemarsh Jr. Hunt Owes Its Success To Mrs. Ballard

The Whitemarsh Junior Hunt was started in 1934 under the guidance of Mrs. Frederick L. Ballard and has been on outstanding success ever since. It could hardly fail under the guidance of such enthusiasm and thorough appreciation of all the best that goes with organized hunting, as this lady continually demonstrates. Had all the hunts in the country such a person to lead the Juniors, we would have enough going on to need more than one Junior Page.

At the start, and continuing until the war, the Juniors used to have their own hunts with hounds turned out solely for their benefit, and fields ran to nearly 40 children. Since the war, the youngsters go on the regular drags with a line of fences to one side with a rail dropped. The present Master, Mr. Albert J. Nesbitt, like his predecessors, is keen about the Juniors and realizes how important for the future of hunting it all is.

In discussing various details to do with a Junior Hunt—hunter trials, horse shows and insignia for the members, Mrs. Ballard showed her true colors by saying she didn't believe much in the necessity for that kind of thing—that the privilege of hunting, and learning all the details that went into its operation and of the spirit that went with it was sufficient reward. That's great stuff!

The Whitemarsh drags have for years been famous as a nursery, not only for hunting enthusiasts but also for timber horses and steeplechase jocks, and the youngsters are fortunate in still having the grand old-timers who still like to "tin-can" though the three score mark is passed, and we hope these two famous sportsmen, John Strawbridge and Gerry Leiper, may be riding for years to come with the feeling that the big ones still look good.

It's a hard thing to keep a drag pack keen and we want to congratulate Mr. Nesbitt and his two whips, young Ballard and Thompson, (graduates from the Junior Hunt), and the Eustace boys on the keenness and manners of this pack. If there be such a thing as a check-master, Bob Eustace is it.—J. P. B.

## Villainy Prevailed In Old-Time Pony Racing In England

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough  
Recent reference to feelers being put out as to the possibility of Pony Racing in England spreading to the north has brought me two letters from old trainers who, in their jockey days, rode in pony races at a time when "the little horses" jumped the same fences as their big brothers. I have also had some queries put to me as to how pony racing was controlled when there were "galloway" races on many National Hunt cards. In 1887 the National Polo and Galloway Racing Committee was formed, Mr. W. H. Strick of Ponypool, being appointed as its first "Weatherby's". At Ponypool a special course was laid down for pony racing, and Ranelagh Club adopted the rules of the Commission and held meetings. The object of the new authority was to raise the standard of pony racing from the abyss of villainy into which it had fallen, to which a writer of the time thus referred:

Of all the blackguard congregations in the known world, commend me to the pony racing fraternity of a few years ago. An owner of a pony with half-a-dozen aliases conveyed it about the country in league with half-a-dozen others, all on the same war-path and woe betide the honest yokel that dared to enter the lists against such competitors as these. One pony was started to jostle him, a second to run him out at turns, a third to object to him if he came safely out of the other ordeals. Win, tie, or wrangle has been the order of the day. All this has been altered now (1887). There are many country courses where racing has ceased owing to the restriction as to added money, which are most suitable to the establishment of pony racing on the new basis, and where doubtless it would be welcomed. What finer practice than this for little boys emulating to become jockeys?

## Joe And Glee Continued from Page One

him. He was suffering from the common trouble of so many southern sharecroppers' hounds in the lean winter months—miss-meal-colic; actually a rack of bones with the skin hung on it. With so much evident room for improvement, I fed him half a bucket of food morning and night and by actual weight on a scale, he gained seven pounds in seven days. In appearance I had a new hound.

My introduction to him was typical of this part of the country. He was running a rabbit in the company of six other equally thin and hungry hounds, running with the desperation of starvation. They were closely followed by an equal number of pickaninies probably just as hungry for fresh rabbit and making just as much noise as the hounds.

I had just been fooled by buying a very good looking but very gun shy hound, so I tried Joe with a shotgun. The handiest target was a pond, and he convinced me right then that he not only liked a gun but expected game when he heard a shot, by putting his whole head under water where he saw the splash from the shot. Later he further proved his understanding of a gun's effect by silent trailing any rabbit that was shot and bleeding, appropriating it for himself. He was strictly first class on rabbits though; honest, plenty fast, close trailing and wise to a rabbit's little tricks of reverses, etc.

I think he set some kind of record the third winter I had him. I lent him to a laborer who worked for me, Claude Armstrong. That was the year of the big '37 flood. The weather was too bad for work and Claude was running low on funds and food, so Joe was his mainstay and the two of them hunted three weeks straight, all day, every day, in rain and ice. Claude and his family lived on rabbit meat, and Joe lived on rabbit heads. When I saw old Joe at the end of his ordeal, he was just about as thin as when I bought him.

He was such a determined trailer in his younger days that if I didn't either shoot what he was running or catch him I couldn't get him in, and often left him in the woods to run far into the night and come home in his own good time. With each successive year he became more tractable to handling but was very sensitive about punishment. The lightest whipping would bring forth such apparent agony one would think he was being killed. Once when I whipped

him for trying to follow my car, he left home and went seven miles across country to the place where he was raised. He stayed and hunted with the children all day but came home again at night.

In '38 I bought Glee, a big good looking blue tick hound. He came from Eads, Tennessee, a town with a reputation for good blue ticks all tracing back to a pair of Kentucky hounds named Glee and Sarah. His owner was another man "who didn't want to sell". His asking price was twenty-five dollars and my cash on hand only eleven. I was thirty-five miles from any more money and really wanted the hound so after two hours of dickering we struck a bargain; the eleven dollars, a beagle I had with me, and the condition that I put Glee in the car by myself. The reason for the last condition was apparent when I tried it, but I managed by holding his jaw with one hand as I lifted him in. Then he told me Glee was broke on 'possum but that he would fight any other hound that came to him when he treed.

He was just thirteen months old when he had his first real test, a run that changed him over night from a big, happy, irresponsible, not too industrious puppy to a seasoned hound. On a day I'll never forget I was graduating myself from rabbit hunting to fox hunting and converting my hounds. I took Joe, Glee, and two steady fox hounds to the Ames Plantation at Grand Junction, Tennessee, where the National Bird Dog Trials are held. After a blank morning, the hounds started four deer at one o'clock. The two broke hounds didn't join in, but deer were new

Continued on Page Seventeen

## ORANGE COUNTY HUNT CLUB

The Plains,  
Virginia.  
Established 1903.  
Recognized 1903.



Mr. Harper took hounds out on Saturday despite rather unfavorable weather conditions. The meet was at Phipps' brick house at twelve-thirty, and Lieta Perkins, Mrs. Harper, Bob McConnell, Emily Smith, and Nathalie Hazard made up the field. Hounds got a fox up on the Osbourne's place, but scent was very poor so they couldn't do much with it. A day was called about two-thirty, and the few who had braved the hail wended their ways home.



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## NORTH WALES STUD

WARRENTON,

VIRGINIA



### \*BAHRAM \$2500.00

Br. 1932 by Blandford—Friar's Daughter—Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Sire of Big Game, Turkhan, Queen Of Shiraz, Golden Fawn, etc.

### \*CHRYSLER II \$200 Return

Br. 1931 by \*Teddy—Quick Change—Hurry On.

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc., etc.

### HEAD PLAY \$250 Return

Ch. 1930 by My Play—Red Head—King Gorin.

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of Tola Rose, Sheriff Culklin, Richmond Rose, etc., etc. Through November 30, 1943, Head Play sired 29 winners of 60 races and \$43,835.00, including 9 2-year-old winners of 15 races, value \$12,745.00.

### \*QUATRE BRAS II \$250 Return

B. 1928 by \*Teddy—Plucky Liege—Spearmint.

Full brother to \*Sir Gallahad III and \*Bull Dog. Sire of Eurasian (winner Travers Stakes, etc., 1943) Quarter Moon (Maryland Futurity, 1943) Dotted Swiss, George Case, etc., etc. Through November 30, 1943, \*Quatre Bras II sired 30 winners of 70 races, value \$75,525.00, including 10 2-year-old winners of 25 races, value \$25,311.00.

All mares must be accompanied by satisfactory health certificate.

RETURN FOR 1 YEAR TO BE CLAIMED BY DECEMBER 1, 1944.

# Up Country On New Year's Day

New Year's Day my husband and Louis and I deserted our beloved Rose Tree hounds for the big fields and rough woods and undaunted going of what we term "up country". Though this up country is Rose Tree territory we have had no meets there since vanning has been such a problem. When "Eddie" Quigley, former Rose Tree huntsman, invited us to a farmers' hunt and a dropped fox, I wondered a bit. "Eddie" doesn't like a dropped fox any more than I do. A dropped fox, however, gives the farmers a chance to see and follow to some purpose. They like it. And certainly farmers who are loyal friends of fox hunting and allow hounds and riders the freedom of their fields are entitled to consideration. I know too that "Eddie's" fox even if dropped would prove himself stout hearted and wily.

As we hacked up van after van tooted and passed us. Even so we were not prepared for the sight before us as all rode up to Woodside Farm, cars stretching across the big field in front of the white house, vans parked near the stables, horses and riders circling the field beyond the house, hundreds of people milling around in between. I caught my breath. Why—why—I thought, this proves it. Even the war cannot push aside hounds and horses and foxes. THEY BELONG!

Truly it was a great sight! Everyone was going in or coming out of a big shed between the house and barn. "I'll hold your horses," said an old foxhunter, "get on in the shed for hot coffee to warm you up." In a moment we were drinking hot coffee—such good coffee.—and sandwiches and pickles and doughnuts and greeting scores of old friends. I counted about thirty caps, masters', huntmen's, whipper-ins' caps. About every farmer's pack in Delaware County was represented. Every famous horseman and groom was there somewhere in the midst of the three hundred or more people moving from house to barn and from field to field. In a moment a murmur stirred through the crowd. We mounted and rode to the far end of the field. We and about a hundred others, children on ponies, boys and girls on

small farm horses, men and women on seasoned hunters—a splendid cross section of the sport loving countryside. Again a murmur rose, this time excited and breathless, "There he goes—there he goes."

Yes, there he went. And what a beauty he was. With a long, lightly running, fairy-footed swing that hardly touched earth, a handsome red dog fox skimmed across the field down the hill and into the woods beyond. Horses must have scented him, for at once every horse in the field started doing his bit, prancing, rearing, kicking, pulling at the bit in a frenzy of excitement. My chief concern for the moment was to keep my cavorting Gooney out of the reach of other horses' heels. In eight minutes hounds came running out. They nosed intently the frozen ground, their sterna waving frantically back and forth. Instantly in a burst of music they swept across the field on the line of the fox. And what a fox. He gave us a noble run of an hour and a half. Not too fast but fast enough. Any faster and there would have been more spills and more men and horses hurt on the uneven, unyielding ground frozen into concrete. I for one was thankful for gaps in the stout white fences, thankful for no more than a few mild tempered built-in jumps. Up and down hills and across big fields and through the roughest woods God ever made we galloped at a steady pace. At last in thickets and briars and on stone boulders, where even hounds working courageously and intelligently had to pause, we checked for five minutes or more. The fox sped on until he was far enough ahead for scent on the dry frozen ground to become spotty and uncertain. He was glad, I know, to lose hounds. But no gladder than the field as a whole. No one wants hounds to close in on a stout-hearted gallant running fox.

"This have been somethin', ain't it?" said Louis riding up on the Crow. Both looked as if they had had the time of their lives.

"It has indeed," said my husband. Yes, thought I to myself, THIS HAS BEEN FOX HUNTING.—P. G. G.

If you have your own farm it is one thing, or if your pony has to go for the marketing (thereby saving petrol), or if you can swear that your \$500 hunter is indispensable for the spring plowing, then you may have a chance of feeding the poor brute, otherwise you might as well resign yourself to following on foot or a bicycle. That is, if you have the time. Since all able-bodied males are in service or essential jobs, and all females between the ages of 18 and 50 are called up (unless they have children at home under the age of 14), it leaves the hunting to the very young or the very old. One girl who was out, Rosemary Drummond, I had met before in a Convalescent Home, where she is a V. A. D., and she told me they are allowed one day off a week and she always picks a hunting day.

The horses were furry and unkempt, and I saw only one which had been entirely clipped. The MacDonald-Buchanan's were clipped on the under side only, Irish fashion, for there is no time at present for braiding manes and pulling tails. Nor was there anyone in a black coat or stock; tweeds, jodhpurs or uniforms were the rule.

Dunboyne proved to be a big bay, standing closer to seventeen hands than sixteen I should guess, and up to at least twice my weight. He was full of play, but it was a joy to find he had a good mouth and was a very comfortable mover. Katharine thought him slow, and on a real Pychley day, perhaps he would have been left behind, but for the present kind of hunting I would think him ideal. He lived up to his reputation as a confidential horse and a good nurse, although he let me down

once. Quite literally let me down too. We had run a fox into a drain and were waiting for the terrier to bolt him out. I happened to be talking to the Master, Colonel Lowther, when suddenly Dunboyne sank from under me and started to roll. His heavy coat must have bothered him, for I had noticed that he was trying to rub his head and himself against other horses, and the temptation of a roll must have been too much for him. I mustered what dignity I

Continued on Page Sixteen

## Worms

### IN YOUR HORSES MAY BE ROBBING You!

Worms sap the vitality of your horses... lead to many serious maladies... and rob your pocketbook! Get rid of these dangerous parasites with "Thoroughbred STRONGYLEZINE"... recommended by men like Vernon Mercer, Leon Meyer, Joseph Thyben, L. M. Vordemberge!

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Complete Line of Veterinary Remedies  
Leg Paint, Liniment, etc.

## O'Malley Knott

Continued from Page Two

Barker, Jr., had slung on his shoulders, and both his pink coat and that of his father had acquired that lovely claret color which comes only from long use in the open.

The field consisted mainly of children of various sizes and shapes on ponies of various shapes and sizes. I counted 58 in all, of which about 40 must have been children, which is good for the future of hunt-

ing. A few parents had dragged themselves out to accompany the young for their holiday hunt. Mrs. Finlay was there to see her daughter blooded, but said she hadn't hunted in 3 1-2 years and wasn't sure whether she was going to feel worse or better for the experience. It is, of course, almost impossible to keep a horse unless he serves some purpose more useful than hunting, for you cannot collect an oats ration for an animal which only carries you cross country, and hay is equally difficult.

### THANKSGIVING

BAY, 1935

Bud Lerner

Inchcape Belle

The Finn

Dreamsome

Inchcape

Swan Song

\*Ogden Livonia

Superman Baillymena

Friar Rock Rose of Gold

Ben Brush Pink Domino

Winner of eight races and \$60,000. Out of a winner and dam of seven winners. THANKSGIVING is a well-made horse of high potency, good disposition and lots of substance. This is his first public season.

**FEE: \$150 WITH RETURN**

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**Windsor Farm**

UPPERVILLE VIRGINIA

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(PROPERTY OF MRS. ISABEL DODGE SLOANE)

### 1944 Season

#### GOOD GOODS

Brown, 1931

Neddle	Colin	Commando
		*Pastorella
	Black Flag	*Light Brigade
		Misplay
*Brocatelle	Radium	Bend Or
		Tala
	*Pietra	Pietermaritzburg
		Briar-root

We invite you to inspect 3 yearling colts and 1 filly by GOOD GOODS now at Brookmeade Farm.

Fee \$250

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#### OKAPI

Brown, 1930

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		Pink Domino
	Hazel Burke	*Sempronius
		Retained II
Oktibbena	*Rock Sand	Sanfoin
		Roquebrune
	Octoroon	Hastings
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VIRGINIA



1, 1944

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ESSEX FOXHOUNDS



Essex Foxhounds of Teapack, N. J. Pictured l. to r., M. F. H. Kenneth B. Schley and Mrs. Schley, and Mrs. Charles Scribner. The Essex Foxhounds hunt three days a week with George Connor, huntsman and first whip and Floyd Leonard, second whip.

## ESSEX FOXHOUNDS CONT.



Top photo, l. to r., Mr. R. V. N. Gambrill, Miss Anne Gambrill, both of Peapack, N. J. and Mrs. Charles Scribner, Jr., Far Hills, N. J. Lower photo, l. to r., Mrs. Reeves Schley and Lieut. Reeves Schley, Jr., both followers of the Essex Foxhounds.









## Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

### "Take Not Out Your Hounds On A Werry Windy Day," Says John Jorrocks

You may say "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer", and you may curse "rude Boreas", which sends smoke down our chimneys, threatens badly made hay stacks, throws down trees, and makes walking a battle, but the wind still blows. We may call down a plague on logs which smoulder and refuse to throw out either heat or cheerful flame, but the restricted coal ration compels us to suffer such logs (like fools) gladly. We may fume at the extravagant figures on those nasty papers telling us what Income Tax we should have paid "on or before January 1st", but getting "hetted up" doesn't alter the total by what the scriptures call (in another connection, of course) "a jot or a tittle". We always thought the translators of Holy Writ might have found another word for "tittle", but there it is for all to see, which reminds me of the village school dame, herself none too learned, who used to advise her pupils to "say wheelbarrow;—it isn't in the bible", when they came to a word they could not pronounce and she was not very sure about.

"Take not out your hounds on a werry windy day", recommended John Jorrocks, and recently those who are not hunting much during the war, have congratulated themselves that they have not been out with hounds in the tempests which seem to have been even more than the crows and gulls could contend with. Some birds we imagine, rather enjoy being buffeted in a gale, others keep to the ground, or in such shelter as they can find in woodlands. Foxes, too, do not like windy nights and retire underground, not merely because of the discomfort, but because they rely largely upon their ears to warn them of approaching danger, and, in a gale, they cannot hear. Hence they trust not to a resting place above ground, and that is why foxes are so often nowhere to be found after a stormy night.

That reminds me that the York and Ainsty (South) finished their season in the middle of December. Owing to the small area of his country open to him, Mr. Geoffrey Smith decided that, having killed a fair number of foxes, and entered such a few hounds as he has, it was wise to stop operations until the peace season of 1944-45 allows full resumption.

#### More About Boreas

From what was said earlier it will be gathered that in some parts of the country we have been having more than our share of the rudeness of Boreas, whose name appears on the tombstones of so many mariners in the Whitby district, like most others in which men go down to the sea in ships. No matter whether they died a natural death in their own homes, or met a watery grave, if they had been mariners, those who erected memorials to them felt in duty bound to have a verse about Boreas lettered on the stone:

Though Boreas' blast and Neptune's waves

Have tost me to and fro,  
Yet so it is by God's decree,  
I harbour here below.

seems (with variation) to be a fav-

ourite in the little churchyards along our sea-board. "Who was this Boreas?", asked an old fisherman of his vicar, and when that learned gentleman replied, "He was the north wind and the son of Astraeus and Eos", the fisherman replied "Aye, why, mebbe! But put it in plain English, for Ah's neea wiser from what you've said."

And that reminds me of a villager who knows all the local gossip, and who is always anxious to repeat it. He usually begins with "I know nowt, and if I tells a lee (lie), then I've been tellt a lee". He concludes with "You can piece what I've said tighther t'best way you can, but that's the plain English on it." It was another old man who, when he did not believe what he was told, used to say, "There's someyan telling lees, an' it isn't me."

#### Sporting Terminology

You remember how it irritated Jorrocks to hear hounds spoken of as 'dogs', and how a certain cavalry regiment declined to have posted to them a young officer who had spoken of a horse's hocks at "its back knees?" You have also possibly heard country people who get quite annoyed at mispronunciation of their names. "Folks don't like calling past their names", they say. Well, the older generation of rural gentlemen are sticklers for the use of correct sporting terminology. They can in a five minutes conversation on Turf, hunting, shooting or horse topics pretty accurately sum up the knowledge and experience of those with whom they are talking, and whether or not they are "the goods". There was a time when those who were not well-versed in the science and language of sport, were described as 'cockneys', and not only felt, but were made to feel, out of place amongst those whose education was more complete in this than in any other line of study. Even so far back as 1712 "J. K." wrote to "The Spectator" on the drawbacks of country life to those not bred and reared in its atmosphere. He said:

It is to me unsupportable affliction to be tormented with the narrations of a set of people who are warm in their expressions of the quick relish of that pleasure which their dogs and horses have a more delicate taste of. . . . To attend without impatience an account of five-barred gates, double ditches and precipices, to survery the orator with desiring eyes, it is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary to be on tolerable terms with him.

So early as 1452 the Egerton M.S. opened with the advice: "Note ye the properties that belongeth to a young gentleman to have knowing of such things that belongeth unto him, that he fall not in proper terms." Was the old squire (chairman of his local magisterial bench) correct the other day in pulling up a policeman, who in a poaching case spoke of "a BRACE of hares?" The Squire said "couple" was the correct description of two hares. There was a good deal of discussion about this afterwards, and the general opinion was that although two rabbits are "a couple", the squire was wrong. Tuberville certainly speaks of two hares as "a brace".

#### What Is "A Colt?"

Then the other day in a court action over a horse warranty, the judge asked the barrister on each side to define what the word "colt" really means. Neither of them could do so, so the judge volunteered the information that although in America all young unbroken horses are known as colts, in this country the

## Gladacres Farm Sets New World's Record For Hereford Prices

By Bud Burmester

Paying out thirty-eight thousand dollars for a champion Hereford bull, and thus setting a new world's record for Hereford prices, and then taking in a very small fraction of this sum for eleven royally bred two-year-old Thoroughbred horses, this week marked a fair working day for Col. R. B. (Dick) George, master of Gladacres Stock Farm, Dallas, Texas, and who is also owner of the fabled Two G's Ranch at Meridian. Associated with him in the purchase of

term signifies a young stallion up to three years old, "at least", he added, "that is the case with racehorses."

The old authorities seem to have used the term very loosely. For instance, Osbaldiston in "The British Sportsman" (1792), gives the following definition:

COLT: A word in general signifying the males and females of the horse kind; the first likewise, for distinction, being called a horse colt and the other a filly."

Harewood's "Dictionary of Sports" (1835) copies this word for word, but Taplin's "Sporting Dictionary" (1803), whilst repeating Osbaldiston, qualifies this by adding:

"... but in a more contracted point of view (as well as in just and sporting like phraseology), it is meant to convey an unequivocal idea, that the produce being a colt, is really so (that is a HORSE colt), in contradistinction to the opposite gender, invariably called a filly."

In the great horse breeding county of Yorks colt certainly means a young stallion. The announcement by one Yorksman to another of the arrival of a foal, is invariably followed by the question, "Is it a cowt or a filly?", "Cownt" being the colloquial rendering of colt.

the Hereford bull was Charles Pettit, also of Dallas, and who owns the pretentious Flat Top Ranch, at Walnut Springs, adjoining George's holdings there.

The transactions, incidentally, reveal to horsemen that George meant what he said when he stated that from here out he was going to concentrate on white-face cattle, and gradually get out of the horse business. To this end, he has already changed Gladacres considerably, and at the Two G's ranch, Herefords predominate although Greenock, one of George's favorite Thoroughbreds, has a top spot at headquarters.

At Gladacres, George, with several other Texas breeders, has the young son of \*Teddy, Ted Easy, at stud, and also retains a number of brood mares. Sale of the eleven two-year-olds wound up his current crop of youngsters, although there are quite a few yearlings now grazing at what is regarded as one of the finest Thoroughbred establishments in the State, if not the Nation, and while they are there, horsemen believe George will maintain his Thoroughbred holdings.

Purchase of the Hereford bull was hailed by cattlemen as one of the most important steps George has taken. He and his partner took the bull from the sales ring at Sulphur after a very spirited bidding duel with T. H. Heard, of the H & H Ranch, at Refugio, and who also is a Thoroughbred breeder of note. Heard went to \$26,000 to buy another Hereford bull. Quite a number of Texas horsemen are branching out into the cattle business, but no one appears to touch the magnificence of the venture which Col. George, his sister, Miss Cleo George, and Pettit have embarked.

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# Horsemen's News-Stakes Winners



## Dunnottar Farm Loses Its Champion Pony, Jiminy Cricket

Jiminy Cricket, the personable little grey from Mrs. Peggy Hamilton's Dunnottar Pony Farm died last week of forage poisoning. One of the most capable ponies in the show, Jiminy Cricket was nearly faultless in conformation had a wonderful disposition, and a great heart.

His record in the show ring was quite something. Starting as a 2-year-old, he was unbeaten in his first two shows, was champion at the Washington Horse Show, hunter and grand champion at the Warrenton Pony Show, winning saddle, jumping and open jumping classes as well as lead line. From then until the time of his death, he was a consistent winner in all divisions. The other ponies at Dunnottar might go badly at times, but Jiminy Cricket could always be counted on to do his best. Shown in Virginia, the District of Columbia, Maryland, Wilmington, Delaware and at Madison Square Garden, he was seldom out of the ribbons.

When Jimmy Hamilton and Jiminy Cricket entered the ring at the Warrenton Pony Show in 1941, Jiminy Cricket stood all of 11 hands and was a 2-year-old. It was almost unbelievable that such a tiny youngster could turn in such good performances. However, as stated above, the pair left the show with the hunter and grand championships.

## Suffolk Downs Stakes Events Are Announced

The Eastern Racing Association, Inc., Suffolk Downs, Boston, Massachusetts, has announced its stakes events to be run during its 60-day meeting, May 15 through July 22. Breeder's awards will be made on all stakes and trainer's awards on all stakes above \$5,000.

The stakes which close Thursday, June 1, 1944 are:

**THE BETSY BOSS STAKES**, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Sat., July 1 ..... \$10,000 Added  
**THE YANKEE HANDICAP**, 1 3-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., July 4 ..... \$25,000 Added  
**THE MILES STANDISH STAKES**, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts & geldings, Sat., July 8 ..... \$10,000 Added  
**THE HANNAH DUSTIN HANDICAP**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., July 15 ..... \$10,000 Added  
**THE MASSACHUSETTS HANDICAP**, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Wed., July 19 ..... \$50,000 Added  
**THE MAYFLOWER STAKES**, 5 1/4 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., July 22 ..... \$25,000 Added

The following stakes close approximately one week before the running:

**THE COMMONWEALTH HANDICAP**, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 20 ..... \$5,000 Added  
**THE GOVERNOR'S HANDICAP**, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 27 ..... \$5,000 Added  
**THE TOMASELLO MEMORIAL HANDICAP**, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., May 30 ..... \$5,000 Added  
**THE PAUL REVERE HANDICAP**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 3 ..... \$5,000 Added  
**THE PLYMOUTH ROCK HANDICAP**, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., June 10 ..... \$5,000 Added  
**THE BUNKER HILL HANDICAP**, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 17 ..... \$5,000 Added  
**THE CONSTITUTION HANDICAP**, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., June 24 ..... \$5,000 Added

Greentree Stable's **Four Freedoms** chalked up his 1st victory of the Florida racing season by winning the 1st division of Hialeah Parks Palm Beach Handicap, 7 f., 3 and up, \$5,000 added on Saturday, January 15. Jockey Arcaro apparently has gotten out of his slump and has started booting the winners in.

Woolford Farm's **Signator**, who had such a winning streak at Washington Park last year, was the favorite, carrying 122 lbs. **Four Freedoms** was off on top but Brolite Farm's **Roman Sox**, winner of 2 out of 3 outings at Tropical Park and who finished 2nd to **Adulator** at Hialeah Park in the Inaugural Handicap, went to the front and stopped badly in the stretch. **Signator** moved ahead at that point but dropped back to 3rd as **Four Freedoms** and Millbrook Stable's **Poacher** drove by to finish in that order.

In the 2nd division, 8 went to the post and Woolford Farm's **Adulator** was out to make it 2 straight at Hialeah Park but Canupet Stable's **Old Grad** assumed the lead from the start and was never headed, winning ahead of **Adulator** by a length. W. P. Chrysler's **Coronal**, making his 2nd start this year, finished 3rd, a length ahead of A. C. Ernst's **Alquest**.

The Crescent City Handicap featured the Fair Grounds' card for Saturday. The track record for 1 1-8 miles was established by **Marriage** in 1943 but he was scratched Saturday. His record of 1.49 3-5 was not threatened as the track was heavy and the time was 1.55 2-5. B. H. Wise's **Bushwhacker** was never far back and as G. S. Gladney's **War Reward**, a previous winner at the Fair Grounds, assumed the lead, **Bushwhacker** was kept well up. He went to the front in the stretch ahead of B. F. Whitaker's **Pops Pick** and Dock Stable's **Sugar Ration** moved up to 3rd.

### Saturday, January 15

**Palm Beach Handicap**, (1st division), 7 f., 3 & up. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$4,040; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: Br. c. (4), by Peace Chance—Nea Lap, by Night Raid. Trainer: E. L. Cotton. Time: 1.26 3-5.  
 1. **Four Freedoms**, (Greentree Stable), 113, E. Arcaro.  
 2. **Poacher**, (Millbrook Stable), 111, J. Adams.  
 3. **Signator**, (Woolford Farm), 122, S. Young.

Seven started; also ran (order of finish): Mrs. E. McCuan's **Wise Moss**, 117, T. Atkinson; Mrs. B. Di Giorgio's **Mettlesome**, 112, S. Brooks; Peterson & Childs' **Grasshopper II**, 111 1/2, N. L. Pierson; Brolite Farm's **Roman Sox**, 112, A. Skoronski. Won driving by 1 1/2; place driving by a neck; show same by 5. Scratched: Cape Cod.

**Palm Beach Handicap**, (2nd division), 7 f., 3 & up. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$4,140; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: Ch. g. (5) by Torchilla—First Class, by High Time. Trainer: E. Rodriguez. Time: 1.28 4-5.  
 1. **Old Grad**, (Canupet Stable), 105, M. Carrarella.  
 2. **Adulator**, (Woolford Farm), 111, T. Atkinson.  
 3. **Coronal**, (W. P. Chrysler), 111, D. Corman.

Eight started; also ran (order of finish): A. C. Ernst's **Alquest**, 105, H. Claggett; G. Ring's **Hasterville**, 110, S. Brooks; I. Bieber's **Moon**

Maiden, 108, P. Roberts; C. E. Nelson's **Johnnie J.**, 106, H. Trent; A. T. Simmons' **Harvard Square**, 113, A. Snider. Won driving by 1; place driving by 1; show same by 1. No scratches.

**Crescent City Handicap**, Fair Grounds, 1 1/4 ml., 4 & up. Purse, \$3,500 added; net value to winner, \$2,325; 2nd: \$700; 3rd: \$350; 4th: \$175. Winner: Br. h. (6), by Chance Shot—Masked Dancer, by Disguise. Trainer: R. W. Selden. Time: 1.55 2-5.

1. **Bushwhacker**, (B. H. Wise), 111, G. Burns.  
 2. **Pops Pick**, (B. F. Whitaker), 116, J. Higley.  
 3. **Sugar Ration**, (Dock Stable), 110, S. Murphy.

Seven started; also ran (order of finish): Circle W. Stable's **Devalue**, 108, M. Pena; Mrs. M. Evans' **Shot Put**, 114, W. Garner; G. S. Gladney's **War Reward**, 108, A. Kirkland; H. E. Morden's **Flying Giant**, 109, R. Gonzalez. Won driving by 1; place driving by a neck; show same by 1. Scratched: **Reaping Glory**, **Marriage**.

## Jockey Club Election

The annual meeting of The Jockey Club was held January 13th and A. H. Morris, F. S. von Stade and G. D. Widener were re-elected members of the board of stewards for the next two years. John A. Morris, chairman of the breeding bureau, read the 1943 report.

The meeting of the stewards followed by members meeting and William Woodward was re-elected chairman; A. H. Morris, vice-chairman; Joseph E. Davis, secretary-treasurer and the appointment of Marshall Cassidy as assistant secretary and assistant treasurer for 1944 was approved.

A. H. Morris, J. E. Davis and W. M. Jeffords were appointed License Committee for 1944. Donald P. Ross and F. S. von Stade were appointed on the Committee of the

## Number Of Hunters Is Increasing Each Year In Pinehurst Country

Equestrian activities at the mid-south resort of Pinehurst are three-fold, with interest divided between riding and driving horses, trotting horses and polo ponies. More than 50 trotters and pacers are now stabled at the Pinehurst race track to prepare this winter for the harness horse races next summer. The number of privately owned mounts in Pinehurst, particularly hunters, increases each year. Pinehurst is one of the few places in the United States where polo continues. Top ranking goal players who are now in uniform compose the teams. This Sunday, Camp Mackall will compete with Fort Bragg. A team will often have a 20 goal rating. Fred Tejan, whose name is synonymous with polo in this country, directs the polo activities in Pinehurst and has about 40 ponies in his stables.

All hotels report a record number of guests who are making Pinehurst their winter home, and the holiday season business doubles that of last year. For the hotel and cottage colony, an Ole Pals golf contest is taking place at the Pinehurst Country Club during the month of January. It is a best ball, four ball competition, one round of match play to be played off each week. War Bonds will be prizes. Tin Whistle matches have been changed from Saturdays to Mondays to make way for week end play by members of the armed forces.

Breeding Bureau of The Jockey Club of which Fred A. Parks is secretary.

# MILKMAN

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His colts do well as 2-year-olds and yet are durable with many of his get running well at 5 and 6.

To October 1, 1943, 11 of Milkman's 2-year-olds have started. From this group, there have been 5 winners, **Early Riser**, **Powdered Milk**, **Galactic**, **Milkwhite** and **Seal Rock**, with **Galactic** a stakes winner. Five other 2-year-olds have placed and the only starter not to place to date has only started once.

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## Horsemen And The Army

By Louis A. Nelson

Swiftly Dean was a good cowboy and horseman; thus when he donned the uniform of Uncle Sam as a private soldier it wasn't very long before he was placed in the Remount Service training horses and riding pasture.

Swiftly was eminently fitted for this type of duty—many years spent on the range and his experience as a contestant at various rodeos had developed him into a top hand in his chosen craft. Typically western in looks and action; quiet spoken, he was liked by everyone at the depot. His courage was magnificent. He never hesitated to top off the salty ones—nay, he even went out of his way to ride one. Just give him a good hull with a slight swell in the fork, and he'd ride 'em till they dropped in their tracks if necessary. Come fair weather or foul, Swiftly could be seen riding up and down the steep and often slippery hill pastures, checking brands on countless of horses, or watching for the injured and sick ones. His trained eye could spot something amiss with a horse at a hundred yards.

Yes, all went well with Swiftly in those idyllic days, and he was quite happy in knowing that he was doing a real job for his government.

Then one day out of a clear sky calamity struck its shattering blow, ultimately changing the course of Swiftly Dean's career—perhaps for life. Swiftly had been asked to step off his horse and take his turn shoveling coal.

With outraged feelings and voice shaken with humiliation, he walked with clumping bootheels into the C. O.'s office to express his avowed refusal to perform this (to his way of thinking) extremely distasteful chore.

"Private Dean, do you realize what you are saying? After all this is still the army, and you ARE being insubordinate," the C. O. answered, somewhat taken back by the cowboys' initial and totally unexpected outburst.

"I can't help it, sir," Swift countered, "I absolutely refuse to perform this menial task, army or no army. Out where I come from we cowhands just don't do these things, that's all."

The officer measured Swiftly with a long calculating look, and then sadly shook his head.

"I'm afraid, Dean, you leave me no alternative but to place you in confinement until I can arrange for your transfer to another unit."

"Any place west of the Mississippi will just suit me fine," angrily retorted Swiftly as he stamped out of the room, escorted by an armed guard.

Needless to say this little incident stirred up quite a bit of excitement at the Remount Depot. Although everyone liked Swiftly even his staunchest friends were forced to admit that Swiftly could have been wrong in his viewpoint of the matter. After all, they thought, this was war, and everyone had to do unpleasant things from time to time.

So matters stood; with Swiftly unrelenting and firmly convinced that he was in the right. One was perforced to admit he certainly had the courage of his convictions, whether they be correct or not.

It wasn't long before Swiftly's traveling orders came through, and we learned he was headed for a "Commando" outfit. I remember

well the day Swiftly left. I was one of the last to shake his hand, and bid him good-luck on his new venture. He must have read something of my thoughts, for just before he climbed aboard his train he said, "Yes, I know what you are thinking—that maybe I'm sorry now. Well I'm not, and I don't reckon I ever will be. Sure I'll miss the horses, and the way a high heeled boot feels when you first pull it on; and the way a good rope handles when you have it broke in right. Sure I'll miss all of these things, maybe more than you will ever know. But I repeat—I'm still not sorry."

"You know something," he went on, "You easterners will never know us cowboys completely. I reckon there'll always be a bit of a wild streak in us. Maybe it's the vast expanse of all that rough country I was born and raised in. Maybe it's the way I have lived—I don't rightly know. Anyway, we have our traditions too you see. I'm just sticking to one of 'em. A good hand just doesn't step off of his horse to do a laborers job."

A shrieking train whistle interrupted any further conversation, and the long train began to pull out of the station as I waved a final goodbye to Swiftly. I never saw him again.

Somehow with Swiftly gone now my little world seemed to be a little more emptier; a little more forlorn.

I often think of Swiftly these days and wonder where he is. We still discuss the pro's and con's of this tragedy, and we often wonder if Swiftly Dean was justified in the stand he had taken.

What do you think?

### A Furloughing Soldier

Alighting from the train after days of riding, a weary soldier was back home again for a brief leave over the holidays. Looking upward he saw the pyramidal towers of Cleveland, Ohio and noted they were grimer than he had ever known them—visible evidence of Cleveland's mighty war efforts.

The usual greetings with close ones dispensed, the serviceman as usual soon gravitated into the horse whirl of the city and its environs. A brief visit to the 107th Cavalry Armory was the first stop. Manager George Carter was out of town, but the soldier noted with satisfaction, stables filled to capacity with a useful collection of hacks interspersed with numerous private mounts. Lots of new faces were seen in the riding hall; most of them juniors. He talked with many of them and was impressed with their enthusiasm for everything horsey. Some even spoke of starting a new hunt club in the city where sport not exclusive would be kept the keynote.

Everywhere the soldier went in the ensuing days he came in contact with this absorbing interest in horses. Riding clubs were doing a land office business (to use a cliché) and were hard put to keep in horses. Many owners who had been satisfied with a mount worth only a few hundred, were now considering purchasing horses that in some cases would reach the four figure bracket. A few were thinking seriously of buying land for future country estates.

Quite noticeable was the switch made by many owners from gaited horses to hunters and jumpers.

But what delighted the soldier on furlough the most, was the efficiency

## Steeplechasers

Continued from Page One

brush when Mrs. George P. Green-halgh's Looter goes to the post. His show ring "profile" slightly streamlined, Looter schooled well last Fall and is one of the new season's prospects. Also in the single owner list is W. W. Adams' \*Royal Ruby II who raced over hurdles last year but will be schooled for brush now. Howell Jackson has a 4-year-old by Pilate, Rock Spur at the stable and Briarhill Farm is represented by Walloper.

Mrs. Skinner's Carteret and Equilibrium complete the list of the horses who will be put in training for Spring racing.

and training of the Mounted Civilian Troop, headed by Robert Key of Cleveland.

From an inauspicious beginning it was now welded into a most useful organization, with a high state of esprit de corps. They were planning to continue their activities after the war as a riding and trail association.

In all of his contacts with civilians the man in uniform noted for the first time in this war—their singleness and seriousness of purpose. While most enjoyed their few leisure moments with horses, they still knew a war was on. The aching absence of loved ones in the service was always in the forefront. Only in a very few cases did the soldier notice exceptions to this rule. A few would-be-sophisticates still tried to be blasé about it all, and put down any talk of war and its effect on the men fighting it—as mawkish sentimentality. Thankfully, they are in a very small minority.

The all too short leave was soon over and the soldier in a happier frame of mind than he had been in for a long time, boarded his train. He reflected the while—that those who maintained the American Soldier didn't know what he was fighting for—were talking through their hats. He knew better.

## BUY WAR BONDS!

## "It's A Small World"

In Mrs. Sloan Colt's letter to O'Malley Knott describing her outing with the Pytchley, she speaks of cubbing with David and Mary Burghley before they left for Bermuda, where he was to take up his new post as Governor. To use that worn out phrase, "It's a small world", this would seem to be true as John P. Bowditch writes that while in Wilmington he dined with Edward P. Mellon and the Plunket Stewarts came to dinner, bringing with them Lord and Lady Burghley.

Lord Burghley is a great sportsman and athlete, former world's champion over the high and low hurdles and had a pack of hounds in Sussex.

Lady Burghley told John that during the battle of Britain when hounds were out, they were strafed several times from the air by German air men—bullets spattering around the people. Once the huntsman had to lie in a ditch to escape a dive bomber. This is carrying on hunting for you!

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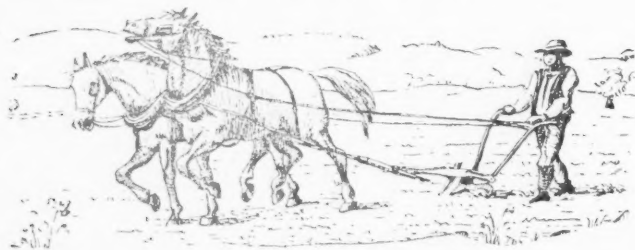
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## FARMING in WAR TIME



### Farmers Needed In Forests During Off-Season

Emergency war requirements for immediate and greatly increased production of pulpwood and lumber, have united three Federal agencies in an intensified drive to mobilize farmers on farm woodlands and for work in forest industries during the off-season in agriculture. Announcement of the coordinated effort was made jointly by Donald Nelson, Chairman of the War Production Board, War Food Administrator Marvin Jones, and Paul V. McNutt, Chairman of the War Manpower Commission.

The combined forces of these agencies and their extensive field organizations have been correlated in the country-wide effort to stimulate vitally needed production of forest products of all descriptions. Because of the essential part farmers can play in this important phase of the war program, Mr. Nelson requested War Food Administrator Jones to call upon State and County War Boards to encourage farmers and farm workers to devote their spare time, particularly during the slack winter—spring period, to work in the woods and woods industries.

The main purpose of the drive is to enlist farmers with nearly 139 million acres of farm woods, which annually produce about one-third of all forest products and 38% of the country's pulpwood, for additional service to their country at war by helping to overcome present shortages in both pulpwood and lumber, thus averting more dangerous shortages later in the year.

"This effort takes into account the enormously expanded needs of our fighting men in the first instance," said Mr. Nelson. "But it seeks also to provide pulpwood and lumber which will aid the farmer in producing, packaging and shipping his 1944 agricultural crops.

"The farmers of the United States, as a group, are among the large users of lumber and fabricated wood products. Therefore, they have a direct interest and responsibility in providing adequate supplies of both to meet military and essential civilian requirements. The farmer's trees are an added and profitable crop which will help supply the materials for his main agricultural harvests."

Mr. Nelson said that upward of 7,000 lumber and pulpwood consuming mills will receive complete information about the coordinated drive and its purposes this week from the War Production Board. This notice supplements bulletins sent to all State Extension Directors and State War Boards by War Food Administrator Jones, directing these local representatives of the Department of Agriculture to canvass all farmers with woodlands in their areas and impress upon them the critical need for timber harvests now. These field workers have been instructed to assist farmers wherever and however possible in facilitating their cutting operations in accord-

ance with sound forest practices and in marketing their saw logs and pulpwood.

The War Manpower Commission has been engaged in a campaign to facilitate the transfer of farm workers to woods and mills for more than two months, Mr. McNutt said. To accomplish this, changes in Manpower procedures were made last November to make it easier for farm workers to transfer to forest and sawmill work during the agricultural off-season. They may be permitted to shift to such work for a period of four months by their local Selective Service Boards.

Farmers and farm workers not classified in II-C or III-C by Selective Service may take logging or sawmill work without clearance with any government agency. However, if this employment is for a period of more than six weeks, the logging or sawmill employer must clear with the local USES office to make arrangements for an additional period of work away from his regular agricultural employment.

"Every agency concerned has a specific task in this integrated effort," War Food Administrator Jones declared. "Mr. Nelson has asked wood consuming industries to furnish State and County War Boards with complete information as to their requirements, including specifications for the kinds of wood they use, prices and marketing instructions. This, of course, will be of the greatest assistance since the war boards work closely with farmers throughout the country.

"Apart from our direct needs of war, increased production from farm woods is required for farm lumber, the manufacture of boxes, crates, baskets, barrels and a multitude of containers, bags and packaging items made from pulpwood to assure the speedy and safe delivery and marketing of food and produce in this critical year of 1944."

Mr. Jones has asked farmers to enlist for two types of service: (1) to engage in cutting, hauling and shipping forest products produced on their own farm woodlands, or (2) to provide temporary labor for forest products industries. In both cases, service would be limited to slack periods on farms, and workers would be expected to return to agricultural employment at the termination of the off-season or whenever needed in agriculture.

"The personnel of the War Manpower Commission in 4,500 full and part-time offices of the U. S. Employment Service have been instructed to intensify their efforts to place more workers in forest industries," said Mr. McNutt. "In some parts of the country, much progress already has been made in solving the manpower problem of saw logs and pulpwood mills, as well as in increasing the manpower in the woods. Acute shortages still exist in other important

Continued on Page Eighteen

### No Wrinkles Featured In Chester White Sale At Maple Hedge Farms

Miss Elizabeth Arden, owner of Maple Hedge Farms in Kelton, Chester County, Pennsylvania, will hold a Bred Sow Sale on Saturday, January 29, beginning at 1:00 p. m. Maple Hedge is one of the largest breeders of Pure-Bred Chester Whites in the country and this sale should be of great interest to stockmen and breeders everywhere, since it will offer some of the best stock and bloodlines of this breed available.

Featuring the sale will be No Wrinkles, junior champion boar of the 1943 Indiana State Show, to whom a number of the gilts have been bred. No Wrinkles is a son of Lisle Tip Top, who sired the highest priced Chester White board in the past twenty years—sold at the Lisle Farm sale in October, 1943, for \$1,375.

Catalogues are available and should it be impossible for anyone to attend the sale, arrangements have been made, whereby bids can be wired or telephoned, collect, to the farm.

### Small Grains Need Attention This Year

Farmers will have to take a lot of pains with their small grain crops this year if they wish to meet their livestock feed goals—or even have a sufficient supply of feed to take care of the livestock on their own farms.

For the most part, farmers will have to depend on higher yields per acre to get increased production of grains. Higher yields can be obtained by using high quality adapted seed and better fertilization and cultural practices.

One of the most economical means of increasing crop yields is by the use of mixed fertilizers when planting crops, followed by top-dressing or side-dressing with quickly available nitrogen at the proper time.

Small grains will be one of the first crops ready to top-dress, and agronomists suggest an equivalent of

Continued on Page Nineteen

### Gardeners Should Order Fertilizer, Seed In January

If you're planning a home garden for 1944, January is the month to get a lot of "spade work" done in the way of ordering seed and fertilizer and getting tools and fencing in good shape.

Garden specialists have outlined the jobs gardeners should do this month as follows:

**Seed:** Inspect stored seed and prevent weevil injury. Order other seed early to avoid transportation delays and other hold-ups.

**Fertilizer:** Determine what kind you'll need and how much. Information on kinds and amounts of fertilizer can be obtained from your county agent. Order fertilizer early. Inspect fertilizer materials left from last year—and keep any on hand in a dry place.

**Tools:** Repair plows, hoes, sprayers, dusters, and the like. Keep all equipment stored in a dry place.

**Fencing:** Put up fences to keep chickens and other stock out of gardens.

**Manure:** Scatter over garden rather than leave it out-of-doors in piles.

If you haven't already done so, it's time to decide on the size of your '44 garden. You should also determine the number of rows to be allotted to each vegetable.

Vegetables that are a "must" for almost every family garden include cabbage, kale, lettuce, turnip salad, beets, carrots, onions, potatoes, turnips, beans, corn, peas and tomatoes. Gardeners are reminded that a good home garden should contain at least 15 to 20 vegetables selected to supply an abundance of food, either fresh, canned, or stored, for every month in the year.

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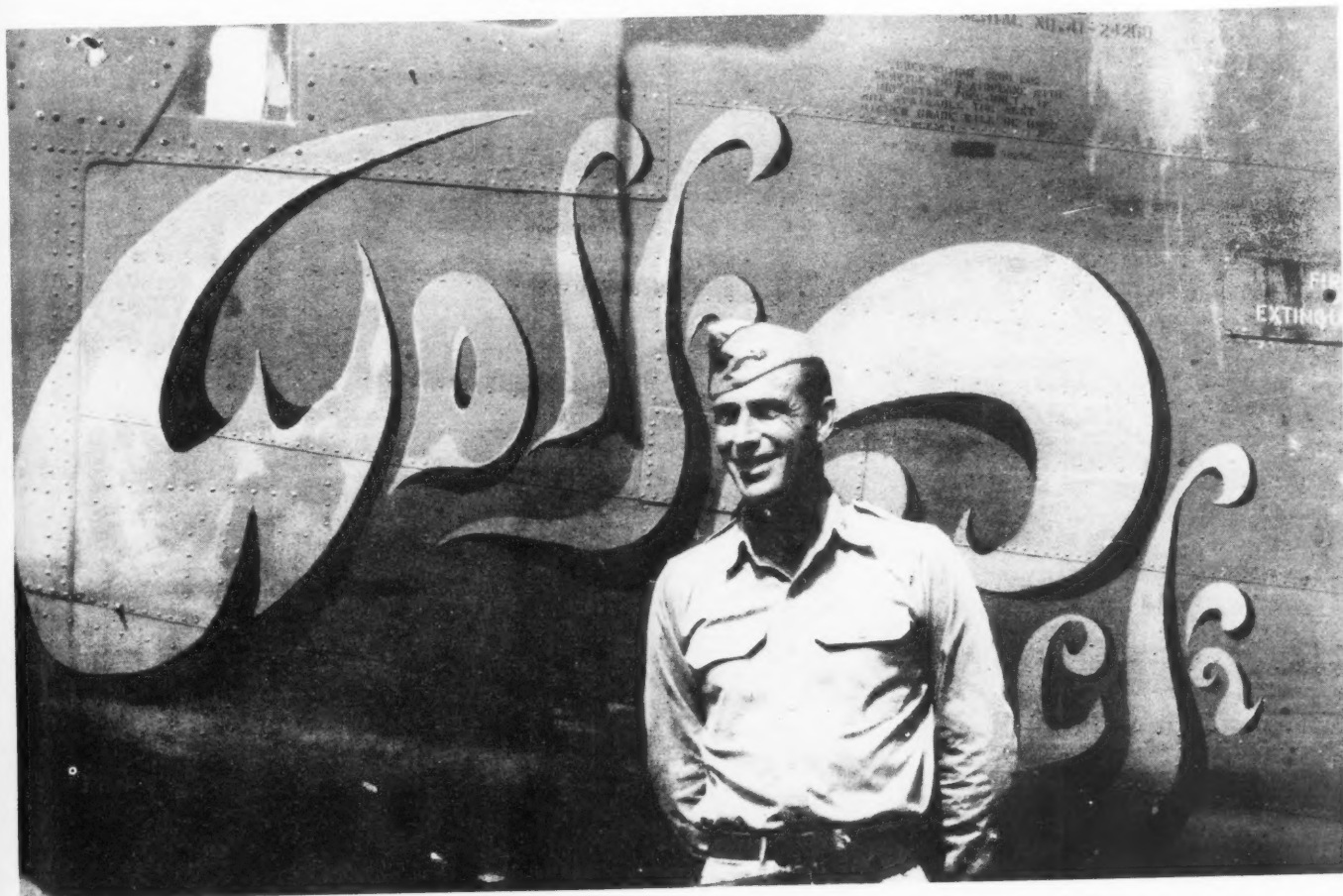


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Mr. R. V. N. Gambrill's Vernon-Somerset Beagles of Peapack, N. J.

MAJOR DAVID B. SHARP. JR.



Major David B. Sharp pictured alongside the "Wolf Pack", a heavy bomber of the 13th AAF with which he is a group intelligence officer. Major Sharp is the son of Mrs. D. B. Sharp of Berwyn, Penna. In private life he is a member of the firm of Harrison & Co., Investment Bankers, Philadelphia. He is vice president of the National Beagle Club of America and member of the executive committee of the Bryn Mawr and New York hound shows. In 1930, he became the Master and Huntsman of the Trewern Beagles, continuing in that position until he entered the army. He has frequently acted as field master of Radnor Hunt and as Patrol and Paddock Judge at their annual race meetings. He has ridden several cross country steeplechase races and was a member of the Happy Hill Race Committee, assisting Mr. C. C. Harrison 3rd, in its organization and management of their annual point to point race.

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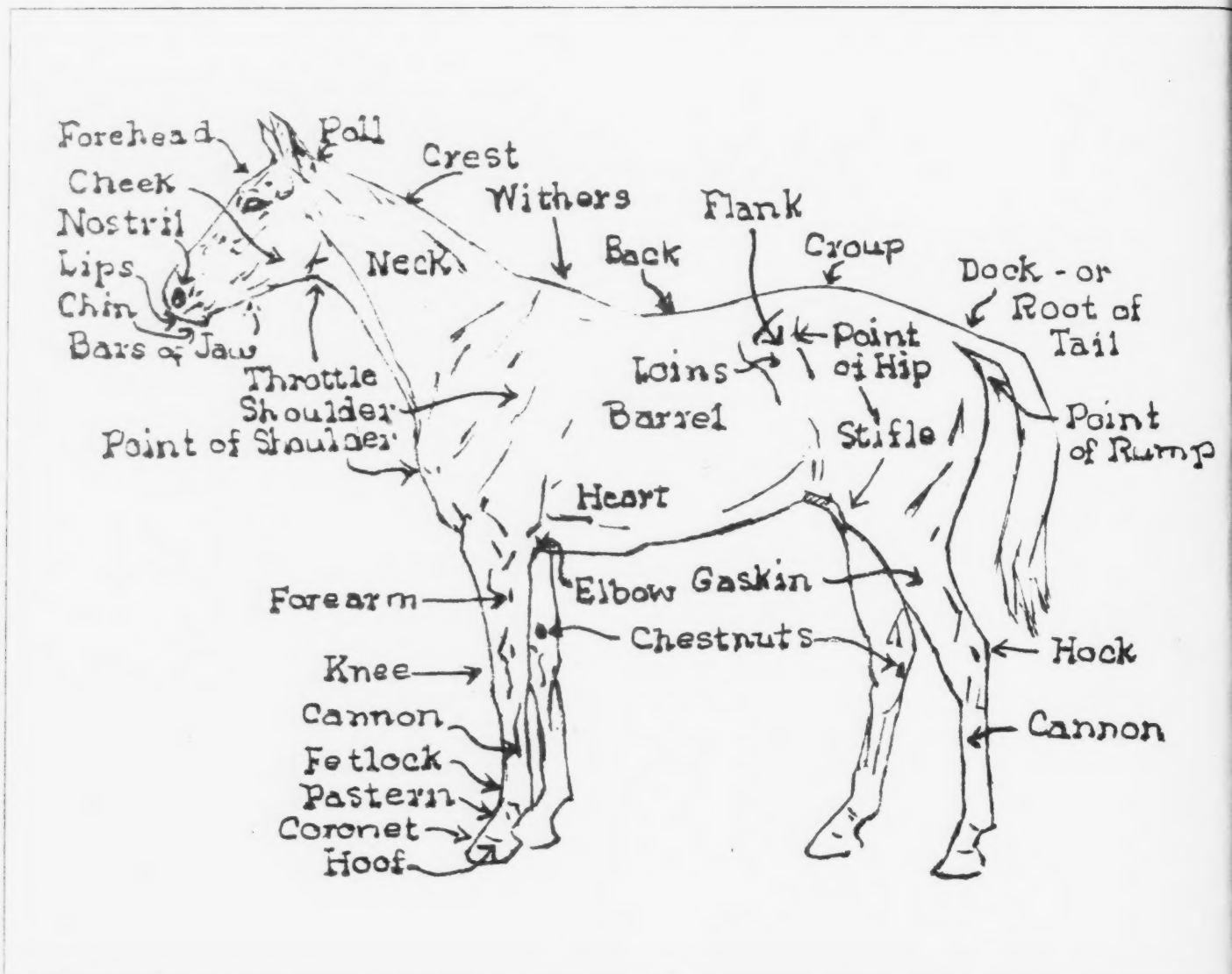
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HORSE ANATOMY CHART  
 From Paul Brown's THE HORSE, Publ.  
 by Charles Scribner's Sons



This chart which is in detail, is intended to prevent our novices from speaking of a "horse's ankles" or his "back knees" etc., all of which is very unhorsy. The student of horsemanship should, at a tender age, learn the parts of the horse by their proper names. In naming the parts, the fore quarters are named first, then the middle and then the hind quarters. The parts of the four quarters are named in the following order: throttle, jaw, chin, lips, nostril, cheek, forehead, poll (pronounced "pole"), crest, withers, neck, shoulder, chest, point of the shoulder, elbow, gaskin, forearm, knee, cannon bone, fetlock joint, pastern, coronet and hoof. Next, name the back and flank. The hind quarters are: croup, dock, tail, point of rump, point of the hip, stifle joint, gaskin, hock, cannon bone, fetlock joint, pastern, coronet and hoof. A little story, which is appropos, will serve as a live example that the knowledge written above is not exactly essential to good riding. One day last summer, I was asking questions of the members of one of my classes. I selected a man who does a superb job of riding and training his horses, to say nothing of whipping-in to the master. I asked him to dismount and name the parts of the fore quarters of the horse. He was strangely silent for a moment and presently said that he could name the front end, the middle and the rear, but he'd be darned if he could think of four! M. deM.



Y 21, 1944

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## An Attempt To Escape From A German Prison Camp

By Foxhunter Abroad

We have heard of a few escapes from German Prisoner of War Camps in this war, the most important probably being that of General Giraud who escaped from a fortress, no doubt when the details come to light they will be interesting reading. The following is the 7th attempt to escape made by the writer during the 1914-18 war.

I was at Furstenburg in Mecklenburg supposed to be one of the German spot camps, it was a hotel turned into a camp. I was transferred from there to Augustabad, also another hotel. I arrived there on a Monday and on the Wednesday the commandant sent for me to say that I was to go to Fort Ingelstadt in Bavaria the following day, having been 1½ years in another fort I had no desire to go to another Fortress, so I decided to get away that night if possible. Owing to the cold weather it was 23 degrees below zero centigrade and all the water of the W. C.'s in the hotel was frozen, we had to use a shed 15 yards from the hotel, which was used for that purpose.

Having had some experience of the stupidity of the German Landstrom sentries on previous attempts, I decided on 10 minutes to 8 p. m. when the sentries were changed and when I knew the sentry would be thinking about his hot coffee in the guard room.

I arranged with 8 officers in my room to form a party and go out to the latrine together, some of them carrying my rucksack, etc. Everything turned out according to plan and while the rest were going back, I hopped it out of the latrine and doubled across the snow about 150 yards to the forest which was on that side of the camp, keeping the hut between myself and the sentry. There was a good moon but about 50 yards from the trees I ran into a single strand of barb wire between two trees and got hung up in it with my overcoat. I also made considerable noise with the contact.

I got free and struck a track in the woods which I followed for about 10 minutes, when I heard a hooter going, I thought it might be the alarm and expected to be followed by dogs. I used all the ingenuity of a hunted hare, doubling on my tracks and jumping to one side into a bush and then turning at right-angles and climbing a slope which led to a clearing. I kept along the edge of this until I came to a thicker part of the forest, when I heard dogs barking in front of me. I had been told there was a Forest Guard in this direction, so I made a wide detour and about 11 p. m., halted to have a drink from a bottle of hot tea which was wrapped up in two pairs of thick socks in my rucksack. When pulling the calk out I found it was frozen solid and I couldn't even get a lick at it. I got my bearings by the stars. I was making for Furstenburg Camp where one of the officers at Augustabad, told me he had hidden a supply of food under one of the goal posts when they were allowed out to play football under a guard, so I had only carried enough food for 3 days, when I hoped to have covered the 60 miles to Furstenburg.

I found that owing to the thick pine trees it was difficult to see the stars and I had to make from point

to point. I was carrying a heavy wagon spanner in case I was followed by dogs and I found this had frozen to the palm of my hand. After I had been walking about 5 hours I heard a rumbling noise in front of me, half an hour later I came to the banks of a lake, which I heard after was the Dracken Sea, some 5 miles by 4, and I had struck the end of it and the noise was caused by the ice. I followed the edge of this as it was in my line and suddenly, when walking along the side of a bank, I found myself up to my waist in a snow drift and standing in about a foot of boggy water.

After this, I got hold of a large stick which I used to probe any likely drifts. About an hour before dawn, which was then February, about 7:30 a. m., I looked about for a place to lie up for the day. I found a lot of heaps of reeds, but decided these might be carted away at any time, so continued till I saw the first sign of habitation, a few houses with lights in them. I left these on my right, and just as day dawned, crossed the main road. There was no cover of any sort except a few small copse some 200 yards further on and this was only thinly wooded, but it was the best thing available so I made for it. I found that as there was a bank around it which would hide me when lying down, and I collected a fagot of brush wood which also answered for cover and could be used for a bundle of firewood. If anybody approached, I intended to be an old woman picking up sticks. I had an old black skirt which I had made and carried from camp to camp pinned inside the lining of an aquascutum sort of raincoat, which with a shawl and a blonde wig, I hoped to pass for a Frau, but to complete the make-up I had to shave—so the first thing, I got out my razor and using the snow for water, scraped my bristles off, a painful operation. Having done this I got my spirit lamp going, I had one tin of solid methylated spirits—and had breakfast of a rasher of bacon, boiled in oxo and a slice of German bread. I then donned my woman's garb and tried to get some sleep, after changing my wet socks, I found that one toe was frozen to the boot. Tired as I was, sleep was not possible. About 9 a. m. I heard a battalion of soldiers approaching with their band and they halted on the bank opposite, but none of them fell out luckily, on my side of the road.

About midday a man came into the field carting manure and I was on tenderhooks as he might have a dog that would nose me out. I spent a miserable day and at dusk prepared to move off, after having some bread and cheese. As I was waiting till it got dusk, I saw a fox stalking something close on my right and presently a mouse ran in front of me—I pounced on it and killed it, skinned it and put it in my cooking pot, then I had it with oxo about midnight, it was quite good.

I arrived in a large forest after I had been going about ½ an hour and every mile or so came to 8 foot palisades. I also put up several wild boar so concluded that I was in the Kaiser's shooting preserves. Nevertheless I wished he hadn't erected so many palisades as they were a difficult obstacle to surmount. I made fairly good progress in spite of

the thick snow and probably averaged some 2½ miles an hour. About 4 a. m. the stars were blotted out by clouds and I had to judge my direction. When crossing a frozen lake this night, I slipped up and sprained a wrist, luckily it wasn't an ankle.

At dawn I halted in some thick small fir trees and pulled branches to form a warmer couch, but it soon began to snow and by the time the shave was over and the oxo was warmed, the ground was again covered with snow. I laid down, but kept on imagining I heard someone approaching. This was probably the result of over-tired nerves.

About 9 a. m. I heard church bells ringing in the direction I was making for and I knew I was close to Furstenburg. I found it was too cold to sleep so started to walk on, garbed in woman's attire. I came to a

clearing and opposite was open ground, but on the edge of the clearing about 50 yards from it were scarecrows cut out of thick spruce which resembled a man crouching with a gun, they gave me quite a

Continued on Page Eighteen

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## O'Malley Knott

Continued from Page Six

could, prodded him up again and climbed aboard, but he was still very itchy. I hope he had a good roll when he got in!

And now you're going to say "But what of the hunting?" You've talked of hounds and horses and people, but have said nothing of the hunting". Very well then. The first covert was called the "Duckery" (don't ask me why, because I don't know) but it was drawn blank. The next held a fox which gave us a fast burst of about ten minutes, in which time he completely circled Cottisbrooke, running through the garden and across two fields before he ducked down the aforementioned drain. Thus ended his brief day. We drew one more small wood then jogged across the road to Creaton covert which was known as infallible. Reggie told us yesterday that many brilliant hunts had started from there, particularly if the fox broke to the South, which in the old days meant a point of at least five miles.

Creaton is a small clump of woods on top of a hill and hounds were thrown in on the near side. Although the majority of the field, including Colonel Lowther, Reggie and Major Paget maintained their vigil on the north edge of the hill, I noticed Barker, Jr., taking his post on the opposite corner of the wood, so I hopefully edged over his way. But Dunboyne and I had no sooner cast our wistful eyes over the lovely line of country stretching to the south when a "view halloo" was heard behind us. We tore back in time to see a giant red fox streaking down the field with his mask pointed for Cottisbrooke. Those beautiful bitches were not far behind and were making more music than I ever believed possible. I had a wild desire to scream with joy and jump right into some new wheat which was obviously the only straight line, but with a mighty effort restrained myself, muttering that was exactly what would be expected of an American. So we galloped soberly for the road (if you can be said to gallop soberly downhill with a fox in view and the Pychley bitches screaming behind him!) and clattered along in a mass of ponies. For a while we were joined by a loose horse which had left his plow and was gaily careering from side to side of the road causing considerable consternation to the pony brigade. We finally lost him when we turned in at the lodge gate and streamed across the park. Hounds were now running well packed and we had a good view of them as they disappeared into a thick little spinney. Here they shut up thereby giving the elder members of the field a chance to light up and open up.

Tweeds have created a more friendly atmosphere than I remembered in an English hunting field, or it is four years of war? Perhaps both. Anyhow, we had a very pleasant wait by the covert side enlivened by Mr. Bert Wragge's account of his hunting experiences in America, and Major Paget's thoughts of our Air Force, and Mrs. Barry wishing she hadn't put on so many woollies, and a child trying to finish a sandwich she had stuffed in her mouth just as hounds went away from Creaton.

Our fox was finally marked and digging commenced. As Reggie knew it was a big earth and would mean a lot of spade work with another death at the end, he suggested going

## Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

an equal surety, an indulgent appreciation of mortal foolishness, and a sly skill in character-sketching that only a very old civilization and a thoroughly stratified scheme of life could produce.

Thunderhead, on the contrary, is the very antipodes of all this.

It is set in the "great wide-open spaces" of Wyoming with their boundless horizons and sublime mountain peaks, their immensity and power as contrasted with the actors that perform within them.

While the author, Mary O'Hara, as befits one with such a name, has a keen sense of humor, which she very effectively gives rein here and there, her book is written with the most intense seriousness as regards both its subject matter and dramatic personae. The comedy element, provided chiefly by the two boys Ken and Howard, is very well done, but there is not an iota of the playful, delicate, ironical charm with which the author of National Velvet invested her young people.

Perhaps the one fault—if fault it is—in Thunderhead is the attempt to work into it a highly psychologic and very emotional inner drama of which Ken's and Howard's father and mother are the principals.

While in its way well done, at the same time it could be lifted out of the story without loss. In fact, it is a side-issue which at intervals gets between us and the main subject, which is Thunderhead and always by right should so remain.

There is no equine protagonist in National Velvet which in any way approaches this white stallion, a veritable masterpiece of equine portraiture.

"Hero horses" almost invariably fail to ring true at all times in their sagas. But Thunderhead always does. He is neither humanized nor idealized beyond the bounds of credibility—yet at the same time he is so magnificently drawn and painted that all

in, since this was to be the last draw anyway. The field was fading away and we had been out nearly five hours. Dunboyne was becoming itchy again and I knew was dying for that roll, so we hacked back with John and Jim on the pony.

About an hour later Barker and Barker, Jr., appeared at Cottisbrooke with the hounds and reported three foxes bolted from the same earth and killed. Reggie brought them some tea and raisin cake and asked if all the hounds were in. Barker said, "Only one missing, sir" and we heard the heavy road of bombers overhead. We looked up and saw a formation of our Fords coming home. Instinctively I counted to see if they were "all on" and realized there were two missing. I had to choke back the usual lump in the throat and tears in the eyes. They weren't "all on". Twenty boys missing; perhaps bailed out over the sea, perhaps hurt, perhaps prisoners. Momentarily, I felt guilty for having had such a happy day while they were up there fighting for us. But then I knew that was what they were fighting for—the right to enjoy the sport of their own choice, the right to worship in the church of their fathers, the right to speak freely, the right to live as free men. It is what we are all fighting for and for what—if the necessity arose—we would lay down our very lives.

Mrs. Sloan Colt,  
Deputy Commissioner.

## Classic And Derby

Continued from Page One

nees. They include Platter, Pukka Gin, Occupy, Director J. E., Alorter, Jazrahel, Bellwether, Pensive, Weyanoke, Black Badge, Stymie, Royal Prince, Boy Knight, Gay Bit, By Jimminy, Lucky Draw in the colt division; Durazna, Twilight Tear, Miss Keeneland, Cocopet, Thread o'Gold and Harriet Sue among the fillies.

Among the many others of high promise is Free France, who has yet to make his first start. This son of Man o'War—La France, owned by the motion picture magnate, Louis B. Mayer, was one of the most highly publicized youngsters of 1943 despite the fact that he was not sent to the post during the past season. There have been reports that Mayer has refused fabulous offers for this colt.

A complete list of the nominations is as follows:

Aphelm Stable—Okapi Lancer.  
Barrington Stable—Gallant Bull  
Belair Stud—Thread o'Gold.  
Bieber, I.—Merodach.  
Bomar Stable—Seebeeb.  
Bradley, E. R.—Broken Even.  
Brann, W. L.—Picotee and Declar-  
ed.  
Brolite Farm—Challenge Me.  
Brookmeade Stable—Pressure, Tu-  
dor King and Ariel Game.  
Brown, Joe W.—Ravenala and Fox  
Brownie.  
Brown Hotel Stables—Chief  
Knocker.  
Bryson, E. K.—Director, J. E.  
Cain Hoy Stable—Bellwether.  
Calumet Farm—Pensive, Bull  
Weed, Easy Chance and Miss Keen-  
eland.  
Carroll, Mrs. Thos J.—Weyanoke.  
Carruthers, Mrs. Roy—Jimmie.  
Christopher, Mrs. T.—Bel Reigh.  
Chrysler, W. P.—Lord Cutts and  
Feather-Bob.

one can do is take off one's hat in homage to the skill, the knowledge, the sympathy and the superb literary art with which he is portrayed.

The human characters in the story are excellent—the boy Ken, in particular, is as true to life as flesh and blood itself; but it is the horses and the country in which their drama is enacted that give the book its fascination which, at times, rises into splendor.

No one who loves either horses or life in the open can read this book without response to its appeal. While not so artistic, in its entirety, as National Velvet, it leaves it down the course in its bigness, its sweep and storm, its high dramatic quality, the glowing pictures that it stamps upon the memory and the total impression that it produces.

There are a few minor slips which, especially as regards racing itself, might easily have been avoided had the manuscript been submitted to a competent reader versed in the technicalities of the sport before being put in type. Mrs. O'Hara would, also, have increased the strength and vividness of her story had she given more space to Thunderhead's only race and dramatized it more thoroughly than is the case.

As it is, it sinks into a minor episode when it might so easily have become one of the big things in the book. At this point the gifted author rather muffs the ball.

The closing pages are highly imagined and finely written; but when the last paragraph brings the curtain down, while this is very picturesquely done with the eagles wheeling silently in the sunset glow among the mountain peaks, it seems to us that it should have fallen upon the figure of Thunderhead himself as he passes forever from human sight to return to the wilds where he be-

Clark, R. Sterling—Smolensko and Bell The Cat.

Coldstream Stable—Rover.  
Collins, Ruth W.—Kope Kona.  
Combs, Brownell—Durazna.  
Darby Dan Farm—Darby Delilah,  
Darby Dunkirk and Darby Dingbat.  
Dearborn Stable—Nelson Dunstan and Alex Boy.

Dixiana Farm—Royal Red, Handy Lad and Above All.

Edgar, Walter A.—Victory Blue.  
Elmdorf Farm, Inc.—Triplicate.  
Emery, James—Sunnip and High Harp.

Ernst, A. C.—Alorter, Alamato and Aloraye.

Four Oaks Stable—Big Head.  
Foxcatcher Farms—Supro.

Friedberg, H.—Harriet Sue.  
Funk & Roth—Gay Orphan.

Greentree Stable—Broad Grin,  
Middle Watch and Tambo.

Headley, Hal Price—Megogo and Estate.

Helis, William—Tropea and Aera.  
Herm, H. A.—Hasty Message.

Hirschberg, A.—Black Badge.  
Howard, C. S.—Palace Guard, Sa-  
bu, Federal Agent and In A Flash.

Howard, Maxwell—Flying High.  
Jacobs, Mrs. Ethel D.—Stymie.

King Ranch—Salvo.  
Lazy F. Ranch—Jovine, Cocopet  
and Plucky Maud.

Lepper, L. J.—Lord Hairan.  
Longchamps Farms—Professor  
Lee and Grant Rice.

McEvoy, Mrs. Edward—Paragram.  
McCarthy, George F.—E. Pueblo.

McIlvain, R. W.—Old Kentuck  
and The Man.

McNulty, Charles—Wise Step.  
Madden, Mrs. E. J.—Plasma.

Maggio, James V.—American  
Eagle.

Marmorstein, M.—Black Swan.  
Marsch, John—Jezerahel, Occupy,  
Wrightwood and Cloverland.

Mayer, Louis B.—For Valour, Free  
France and Shining Deed.

Metcalf, Houghton P.—Dog Day.  
Milam, J. C.—Our Merrick.

Mill River Stable—Captains Aide,  
Pyrananth, Sweeping Time and  
Spheric.

Mohr, Mrs. H. J.—Royal Prince  
and Silver Pennant.

Oglebay, Crispin—Boy Knight.  
Ott, Mrs. Thelma—Gay Bit.

Parker, Alfred P.—By Jimminy.  
Peters, Mrs. Donald H.—Bull  
Dandy.

Poulsen, Mrs. Geo.—Broadcloth.  
Richards, H. C.—Brave Commam-  
do.

Sabath, Mrs. Albert—American  
Flyer and Civil Liberty.

Shouse, Jouett—Fifth.  
Simmons, Allen T.—Sun Theen,  
General War and Bright Reigh.

Smith, Mrs. V. E.—Sirius and Yor-  
mont.

Sprague, L. C.—Senator T.  
Stephenson, Mary C.—Marksom.

Telford, Robert L.—Que Hora.  
Ulmer, H. D.—Shadow K and In-  
ver Fox.

Valdina Farms, Inc.—\*Valdina  
Zenith.

West, Mrs. Floyd—Comanche  
Peak.

Whitney, Col. C. V.—Pukka Gin,  
Maxim and Alamein.

Widener, Geo. D.—Lucky Draw,  
Platter and Who Goes There.

W. L. Ranch Co.—Gallant Agent  
and Mr. Pharned.

Woodvale Farm—Kaytee.  
Woolwine, Mildred, Chaco Ballad.  
Additional nominations for The  
Classic only:

Belair Stud—Vienna.  
Bomar Stable—Friend Or Foe.

Calumet Farm—Twilight Tear.  
Elmdorf Farm, Inc.—Adaptable.

Gerry, Robert L.—Boswellian.  
Goff, M. B.—Skytracer.

Greentree Stable—Bounding Bow.  
Hanger, Arnold—Gig.

Hirsch, Max—Third Trial.  
Hobson, W. C.—Diavolaw.

Hughes, John E.—Free Transf.  
King Ranch—Spook Ship.

Sattler, John H.—Johnny X.  
Whitney, Col. C. V.—Hoodoo.

Zimmerman, C. D.—Likelather.  
Additional nominations for The  
American Derby only:

Bomar Stable—Peemar.  
Calumet Farm—Patriotism.

Damm, Mrs. H. J.—Zacapet.  
Dunn, Neville—Fire Power.

Elmdorf Farm, Inc.—Sickletoy.  
Hughes, John E.—Overtime.

Johnstone, Ed—Mere Marketee.  
King Ranch—Depth Charge.

Lazy F. Ranch—Sea Reigh.  
McIlvain, R. W.—Native Fox.

Smith, Joe & B. W. Stivers—Top  
Ceiling.

Whitney, Col. C. V.—Good Show.



## Joe And Glee

Continued on Page Five

game to Joe and Glee and they put their whole hearts and souls into running them. The deer divided into pairs and the hounds, taking separate trails, were both soon out of hearing. While they were gone the two broke hounds, each found a fox and went off in different directions. Two hounds with four deer, the other two with a fox apiece; the score: hounds four, game six. I never before heard of having more chased than chasing with hounds and all on separate trails, too.

At the end of an hour I heard Joe bringing his deer back and I got up on a wood pile in a clearing to watch. The deer came into the field, saw me, and almost ran over Joe as they turned and ran back into the woods. In another hour the deer came back again but the pace was too much for old Joe. He came to the edge of the field and collapsed when he saw me, completely run down. When I got to him he couldn't stand at all, his legs were just like rubber and I had to carry him to my station wagon.

At six o'clock I had to go back to Memphis but Glee was still going strong, had no idea of leaving the trail or coming to the horn and was really covering ground. Sometimes he would be in hearing in one direction and not long after in the opposite point of the compass. I paid a colored man there to try to get my hounds in and the next morning they were all accounted for. My man had gone out on a mule and was able to stop Glee at ten o'clock. Nine hours at the pace the deer set, for a thirteen month old puppy shows some heart and courage.

Mr. R. L. Taylor of Memphis, well known at the Walker hound trials and probably best known to hound men as the owner of Field Champion Wildwood Joe Joe, kept his hounds at Germantown near where I lived. He often saw Joe, heard him running, and liked his voice so much that he wanted to put him in his fox pack.

I was glad to let him try him but the trainer was of a different mind, not wanting to expose his young entry to the temptation of running rabbits with the then un-fox-steady Joe. So he proceeded to let Joe out of the hound yard every night, telling Mr. Taylor the dog was a fence climber that couldn't be kept. Thus Joe missed his first chance to run with the elite but I like to think that that season's pup which turned out to be a field champion was named after Joe.

Very conveniently for me Mr. Taylor stocked the country north of Germantown with some thirty Wisconsin red fox, and Joe and Glee, accompanied by other hounds that came and went in my little pack, had their real basic training on fox there. Every hound I ran with them had a long bugle voice. The pack was never over four couples but how they could ring a woods. I'll never forget the rising, falling, continuous tone of those horn voiced hounds running hot, not a chop among them. It was a thrilling sound.

There is a picture in my mind of a summer night with a full moon when my little pack digressed from the business at hand to tree a coon. Mr. Coon was comfortably lodged in the traditional crotch of a tree but very unconventionally, the hounds were also in the tree. There was a dead tree leaning into the coon's tree at an angle that the hounds could walk up. It was quite a sight seeing the hounds lined up on the

leaning trunk silhouetted against the moon, with Joe at the top, a good twenty feet off the ground and not ten feet from the coon apparently baying both moon and coon.

One fall evening that year an old red took the pack out of hearing and Glee failed to return. I stayed out all night horning for him and though one of Mr. Taylor's hounds lost the night before came to my horn, no Glee. After I had spent ten days searching within a ten mile radius, I raised my reward offer from five to ten dollars. Then he turned up in the next town, probably held for reward, but I was mighty glad to get him back.

In the fall of '39 I was given the job of starting a drag pack for the then new Pine Tree Hunt at White Bear Lake, Minnesota. The club hounds were young and untrained, so to have something to train them with I called on my faithful Joe and Glee for another conversion. After some experiments with a couple of beagles on various drags, I decided on a fox litter, alcohol, anis oil combination. With the beagles to start them, they soon developed a decided liking for artificial fox. Then I proceeded to give them pack manners. It only took a couple of days to break them to road and I only coupled them once. Glee obviously liked roading and minded perfectly but Joe only submitted to such regimentation grudgingly and dejectedly and his feelings could easily be hurt enough so that he would go home.

In Minnesota they were the backbone of the pack, supplying most of the voice and trailing. We had short drags during the week and one from eight to ten miles every Sunday, with only two or three checks on the long runs. They had plenty of hunting and neither hound missed a run.

Glee again displayed his courage while a drag hound. I never hunted a drag trail less than two hours old and during the waiting one Sunday, some beef cattle grazed onto the line. When the hounds ran the trail and came to the cattle it stampeded them. Glee obviously thinking they were the hunted quarry, picked out a big steer and was trying to get it by the throat when I rode up and called him off.

Joe wasn't always first at the kill (boiled horse meat) but everyone seemed to get a kick out of watching him be the life of the party by trying to get all the meat at once. He would tear a big chunk away from one hound, drop it, and go for a bigger one, never satisfied, always jealous, always fighting.

The next spring I put Joe to board in the country as I had to keep him chained in the city and I didn't want him so confined in hot weather. George Bowers (colored), near Nonconah Creek, kept him for me and Joe earned his board with a couple of new and useful accomplishments. He was often left alone in the house to guard two or three infants while their parents were working in the fields and once severely bit an intruder who tried to enter the house while he was on guard. George had a taste for 'possum and claimed Joe was a good tree dog, but I had to take his word for that as I never

Continued on Page Twenty

### Pre-War Baby Carriages Back

Pre-war model baby carriages, strollers, walkers, and pushcarts will re-appear on the market in about six weeks, according to WPB. Greater availability of steel makes possible the production of these pre-war models.

## Ration Points

**GASOLINE**—In 17 East Coast states A-8 coupons are good through February 8. In states outside the East Coast area A-9 coupons are good through January 21, and A-10 coupons become good January 22 and remain good through March 21.

**SUGAR**—Stamp No. 30 in Book Four is good for 5 pounds through March 31.

**SHOES**—Stamp No. 18 in Book One is good for 1 pair. Stamp No. 1 on the airplane sheet in Book Three is good for 1 pair.

**FUEL OIL**—Period 2 coupons are good through February 7 in all areas except the South, where they are good through January 24. Period 3 coupons, now valid in the Middle West, East, and Far West, and through February 21 in the South.

**MEATS, FATS**—Brown stamps R, S, T, and U are good through January 29. Brown stamp V becomes good January 23 and remains good through February 26.

**PROCESSED FOODS**—Green stamps G, H, and J in Book Four are good through February 20.

### Selective Service Changes

Occupational deferments generally will be denied 18 to 22-year-old registrants, other than those in agriculture, fathers and non-fathers alike, unless they are engaged in activities in which deferment is specifically authorized, according to Selective Service. Furthermore, all registrants will be given pre-induction physical examinations at least 21 days before being inducted. Therefore, the period of three weeks in the enlisted reserve now granted by the Army and the one-week period granted by the Navy will be eliminated. These changes become effective February 1.

### More Food For School Lunches

America's school children have been assured by the Office of Price Administration more generous amounts of food for lunchroom and cafeteria meals under a new plan for providing rationed food to schools. The new allotments were worked out by OPA in close cooperation with school lunch and nutrition experts of the Food Distribution Administration. The Government's school lunch program, which went into effect one year ago, is a wartime measure to make sure that school children will have a well-planned and nutritionally adequate noon meal.

### Advice For Soldiers Overseas

When writing to soldiers overseas, particularly those in the tropics, home folks may help contribute to their health, says the War Department, by reminding these overseas men of the necessity of following the advice of their medical officers.

### Tractor Production Up

Production of wheeled tractors in December was the largest for any month in two years—in excess of 20,000 as compared with 4,200 in December, 1942. However, according to the WPB, the current rate of production must be maintained in order to meet the tractor quota of 209,000 for the 12 months that will end June 30. This will not be easy because many of the parts needed for tractor production are also used in landing craft, now in urgent demand by the armed services.

### Fruit Spreads Allocated

Seasonally increasing quantities of commercial jams, jellies, marmalade, and fruit butter, produced from fruits harvested last summer and fall, are now reaching the civilian market, according to WFA. It is estimated that civilians will have consumed or have in their possession 416 million pounds of these fruit spreads during the current pack year which ends next June. This is about 69 per cent of the approximate total supply.

### Eliminate Air Raid Practices

The War Department and the Office of Civilian Defense have eliminated practice air raid alerts and blackouts involving public participation, except in coastal areas including Vermont, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia. Along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts such alerts and blackouts will be authorized once every three months on Sundays only. The measure was taken to decrease interference with production of war material.

### Social Security For Farmers

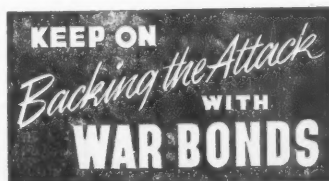
Social insurance for farm operators, farm workers, business and professional men, household workers, and employees of governmental and non-profit organizations was recommended by the Social Security Board in its eighth annual report. The board urged inclusion of these groups in an expanded social security program which would include insurance against costs of medical and hospital care without disturbing the present principle of free choice in selection of physicians or hospitals. The board recommended that a comprehensive social insurance system should be set up now while earnings are "at record levels" in order to have it in full operation for the post-war period.

### To Stabilize Ration Buying Power

Under the new ration token plan effective February 27, the housewife will be able to buy about the same amount of rationed processed foods and meats-fats as she can now. Point values will be adjusted so the individual's allotment of 60 points for buying meats and fats will buy the same amount as the present allotment of approximately 64 points. Similarly, under the token plan the 50-point allotment for processed foods will buy an amount equal to the present 48-point allotment.

### Ask Farmers' Help In Wood

To mobilize farmers on farm woodlands and for work in forest industries, the War Production Board, War Food Administration, and War Manpower Commission have combined forces. Farmers and farm workers are asked to devote their spare time, particularly during the slack winter-spring period, to work in the woods and woods industries. Production of 14 million cords of domestic pulpwood will be necessary in 1944 to supply the needs of our armed forces overseas and meet essential home front war requirements, according to WPB's Paper Division. Farmers have nearly 139 million acres of farm woods which annually produce about one-third of all forest products and 38 percent of the country's pulpwood.



# German Prison Camp

Continued from Page Fifteen

turn at first, until I realized they were there to scare away deer. There was a cold wind blowing across the open ground and I kept in the shelter of the trees and walked up and down to keep warm. As soon as it got dark I walked in the direction of Furstenberg and crossed the ice on a lake but when nearing the houses I suddenly came on about 10 feet of water which joined up with a lake on the other side of the town.

I wanted to find a house where I knew 2 Russian women lived, one of whom could speak English. I had been shown their house when out on walks on parole with a soldier. I knew it was on the edge of the town and near the lake, but wasn't sure of its exact whereabouts. I continued along the edge of the lake until I came to the fence of a house resembling their's and walked up to the door and knocked. The Russian who could speak English opened the door, but didn't recognize me until I asked her in English how I looked, and she roared with laughter, told me to come in and presented me to her sister's husband.

I asked if they couldn't give me a shake-down for the night as I was very tired, but they told me that it would be too risky as a soldier came to sleep in the house at 7 o'clock each night, and he might come in any minute, so I decided to leave. Then I made my way through town, keeping in the shadows of the houses as much as possible, as the town was lit by electric light. I found several soldiers in the streets and arrived on the far side and made for some deserted farm buildings, which I had noticed when out for walks. I found one shed which I broke into full of bean stalks, and made a fire of them, the smoke going up to a loft above. I put on my pot and had my last feed of oxa and bacon, and a biscuit.

Then I laid down on the bean stalks and was soon fast asleep. It must have been midday when I awoke and shaved and then explored the building. Up in the loft I could see for a mile all around and as the coast was clear I examined all the buildings. I found nothing useful except a shovel with which I hoped to dig up the cache. But I found that when trying it on the ground it was too hard and I had to give up the idea of replenishing my supplies from this source. As soon as it was dark I donned my woman's kit, leaving my overcoat, gaiters and rucksack in the shed. I made my way into town and went along till I came to a baker's shop, I was waiting outside till there was no one inside, when a gendarme came around the corner towards me. I turned and started to walk away, as I quickened my pace, I found he did the same, he started to run when I did the same, at the same time shouting in German, "leave me alone", but on turning a corner I slipped up on the frozen pavement and came down a regular buster, but I increased my lead and coming to a wall of a garden climbed over and hid in the corner. Presently I heard the gendarme go puffing past, I gave him a few minutes and then looked around to find a garden sloping down to a river. Going on the bank of this, I was looking for a foot bridge over, as it was the connection of the two lakes and for some reason wasn't frozen. Presently the lights in this part of the town were switched on and soon my pursuer arrived on the road with another man and spotted me down by the river. Things began

to look rather bad and they shouted out to me to halt. I leaped into the river and swam across. As I crawled out the other side the two men were running down to the river. But I clambered over a hedge into a garden and then several fences into other gardens, until I came to an entrance to a private garage with two big double doors on the street. I was looking over these, when I heard a whistle in the street, so turned back and continued clambering over garden hedges until I came to what appeared to be a bombed out brewery as there were big vaults in the ground. On clambering onto a wall about 12 feet high, I overlooked a street and as there was a convenient telegraph pole near, let myself down and ran across the street into a garden of cabbages.

After passing through some unused land, came in sight of the forest which I soon entered and making a detour got back to my farm buildings about midnight, feeling mighty hungry and thirsty. I put on a pot of snow water, on the fire and my supper consisted of this and a few Horlick's malted milk tablets. Then hung up my wet clothes to dry, but the bean stalks produced more smoke than flame and I spent a very cold night clad in an overcoat and most of the time was used replenishing the fire and holding my underclothes before it.

Next morning I hung them up in the loft, in the draft between two windows, as it was too risky to light a fire. But by evening they were still damp, but the pangs of hunger overcame all other thought and I set out once more at dusk, like a fox in search of an evening meal.

This time I went through the forest to where I knew of a village. On arriving there about 9 p. m. I prowled around till I came to a cottage on the outskirts, I looked into a window and saw a woman sitting there. She opened the window and I told her I was a German soldier from the Russian front who had deserted because my wife was ill and they wouldn't give me leave to go to Stettin where she lived. She didn't altogether credit my story and said she was afraid to take me in that night as her father would soon be in, but to come the following night.

So I returned once more to the farm buildings, reaching there at midnight, feeling very depressed, hungry and cold. The effects of walking about with wet feet on the top of wet clothes had made a cold with which I left the camp decidedly worse, and my thoughts turned to a warm bed with a hot water bottle and a glass of rum toddy!

The next evening I set out once more determined to find something to eat, even if I had to raid a hen roost in the village. On arriving at the cottage the woman opened the window and whispered that I could not come in, but to go to another cottage next door. Here I saw an elderly woman sitting before a fire. I rapped on the window, when she opened it I related the same story as the previous evening; she told me to come in, and started to make me a cup of coffee. While she was doing this I took off my aquascutum coat and hung it on a chair before the fire to dry. I was just going to have a cup of coffee, when the door opened and two forest guards with rifles at the ready stood in the door way, while behind them stood a soldier in uniform. The old woman raised her arms in surprise at seeing her son, who I was afterwards told had just come back from the western front on leave and had looked through the window and on seeing my khaki

trousers had gone off and told the Forest Guard.

The dilemma was one which even the Scarlet Pimpernel himself would have found it difficult to get out of. The chimney was no good and the windows were both closed, so after collecting my coat I was duly marched off between the guards and through the forest to the camp where I was handed over to the guard and spent the night in the guard room between blankets and with a temperature enough to warm the chilliest mortal. I was given a bowl of soup, after which I felt better and began to wrack my brain for a way out; unfortunately my boots were taken away from me, and next morning a German officer arrived at the guard room and I was marched off to the station where we boarded a train for Augustabad.

During the journey the officer cross-examined me to know how I got out of the camp, but he got no information, other than that I had flown out. I was put in a separate hut on arrival and was cross-examined by the Commandant who also retired without any better information. After a few days, each of which I was further cross-examined, I was taken by an under officer by train to a Fort at Inglebadt. As I still had my skirt hidden in my coat, I intended to get away en route if possible, but no opportunity offered itself and in any case, I wasn't equal to any more lying out in the snow as I was crippled with rheumatism.

## Farmers Needed

Continued from Page Twelve

areas.

"The USES offices are now set up to expedite the transfer of workers from farms into woods and mills for off-season periods. It is especially emphasized that this off-season is extremely short and farmers therefore are urged to transfer to woods activities without delay. Where logging or mill operations are not readily accessible, USES offices in their communities are directing farmers or

farm workers to the nearest woods or mill operation. This drive is focusing attention upon the farm as the principal source of seasonal manpower in the present emergency."

Field representatives of the three major agencies in the forest production drive are: for War Production Board—Pulpwood regional advisers, Lumber regional advisers, and Timber Production War Project workers, the latter administered by the U. S. Forest Service for WPB dealing particularly with small operators and owners; for War Food Administration—the Extension Service, the Soil Conservation Service, Agriculture Adjustment Agency and the Farm Security Administration; for War Manpower Commission—the U. S. Employment Service; and the Selective Service System. State foresters and personnel of numerous State conservation agencies are also working closely with the federal agencies.

## Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooeey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

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War Damage Windstorm  
Livestock Automobile  
Burglary  
**HANSBROUGH  
& CARTER**  
WINCHESTER, VA.  
Est. 1882 Phone 4144

## The Real Estate and Insurance Directory

**GARRETT INSURANCE AGENCY**  
All Lines of Insurance  
LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

**D. H. LEES & CO., INC.**  
Real Estate and  
Insurance  
Complete Listings,  
Private Estates and Farms  
Warrenton,  
Tel: 310

**Armfield & Harrison**  
INSURANCE AGENTS  
Phone 309 Leesburg, Va.  
COMPLETE PROTECTION  
For Homes, Estates and Farms

## Banking Directory

**THE FAUQUIER NATIONAL BANK**  
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$375,000.00  
Warrenton, Va. Telephones 83 and 84  
Branch at The Plains Telephone Plains 83

**LOUDOUN NATIONAL BANK**  
1870 1943  
Leesburg Virginia



# The Sporting Calendar

## Racing

**OCTOBER**  
23-April 10, 1944—Hippodromo de las Americas, Mexico City, Mexico.

**NOVEMBER**  
25-Feb. 22, 1944—Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Ass'n., Inc., New Orleans, La. 63 days.

**STAKES AND FEATURES**  
CRESCENT CITY 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 15 \$3,500 Added  
THE GARDENIA (Aic's), 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, filles, Tues., Jan. 18 \$3,000 Added  
ROBERT E. LEE 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Jan. 19 \$5,000 Added  
McDONOUGH 'CAP, 5 1/2 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 22 \$3,000 Added  
BELLE GROVE 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Jan. 25 \$3,000 Added  
LAKES CHARLES 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 4 & up, Wed., Jan. 26 \$5,000 Added  
EVANGELINE 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, filles & mares, Thurs., Jan. 27 \$3,000 Added  
SHREVEPORT 'CAP, 6 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 28 \$3,000 Added  
THE GULF COAST (Aic's), 1 ml. & 70 yds., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 29 \$5,000 Added  
THE CABILDO (Aic's), 1/4 ml., 2-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Tues., Feb. 1 \$2,500 Added  
THE AZALIA (Aic's), 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, filles, Wed., Feb. 2 \$3,500 Added  
LAKE PROVIDENCE 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Fri., Feb. 4 \$2,500 Added  
NATCHITOCHES 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 4 & up, Sat., Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added  
CHALMETTE 'CAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 8 \$3,500 Added  
THE PONTABLO (Aic's), 1/4 ml., 2-yr.-olds, filles, Tues., Feb. 8 \$2,500 Added  
FAIR GROUNDS CLAIMING STAKES, 1 1-16 ml., 4 & up, Wed., Feb. 10 \$2,500 Added  
GENTILLY 'CAP, 6 f., 4 & up, Fri., Feb. 11 \$3,000 Added  
LOUISIANA DERBY (Aic's), 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 12 \$15,000 Added  
LECOMPT 'CAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 15 \$2,500 Added  
PRIORRESS 'CAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, filles & mares, Wed. Feb. 16 \$5,000 Added  
FAIR GROUNDS DINNER STAKES, 1/4 ml., 2-yr.-olds, Thurs., Feb. 17 \$2,500 Added  
NEW ORLEANS 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$2,500 Added  
THE ST. CHARLES (Aic's), 1/4 ml., 2-yr.-olds, Mon., Feb. 21 \$2,500 Added  
MARDI GRAS 'CAP, 5 1/2 f., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,000 Added  
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,500 Added

**DECEMBER**  
25—Caliente, Tijuana, Mexico.  
**STAKES**  
BALBOA CLAIMING STAKES, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 16 \$1,500 Added  
SOMBREIRO 'CAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 23 \$1,500 Added  
THE SENORITA, 7 f., 3 & up, filles and mares, Sun., Jan. 30 \$1,500 Added  
CORONADO 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 6 \$1,500 Added  
SPEED 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 20 \$3,000 Added  
MOCTEZUMA 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 27 \$1,500 Added  
AZTEC 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., March 6 \$5,000 Added  
CALIENTE DERBY, 1 1-16 ml., Sat., March 12 \$5,000 Added  
MUCHACHO PURSE, 4 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., March 19 \$1,500 Added  
CALIENTE 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., March 26 \$10,000 Added

**JANUARY**  
7-March 14—The Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Hialeah, Fla.  
PALM BEACH 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 15 \$3,000 Added  
BAHAMAS 'CAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 22 \$3,000 Added  
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., (on turf), 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added  
BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, filles & mares, Sat., Feb. 12 \$5,000 Added  
THE MCLENNAN, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$7,500 Added  
EVENING 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, filles & mares, Tues., Feb. 22 \$5,000 Added  
THE FLAMINGO, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 26 \$15,000 Added  
THE WIDENER, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$25,000 Added  
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$5,000 Added

**FEBRUARY**  
28-April 1—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.  
**MARCH**  
6-April 8—Gables Racing Ass'n., Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.  
**APRIL**  
28-May 15—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 14 days.  
**MAY**  
15-July 22—Suffolk Downs, Boston, Mass. 60 days.

**STAKES**  
THE COMMONWEALTH HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 20 \$5,000 Added  
THE GOVERNOR'S HANDICAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 27 \$5,000 Added  
THE TOMASELLO MEMORIAL HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., May 30 \$5,000 Added  
THE PAUL REVERE HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 3 \$5,000 Added  
THE PLYMOUTH ROCK HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., June 10 \$5,000 Added  
THE BUNKER HILL HANDICAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 17 \$5,000 Added  
THE CONSTITUTION HANDICAP, 1 ml., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., June 24 \$5,000 Added  
THE BETSY ROSS STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old filles, Sat., July 1 \$10,000 Added  
THE YANKEE HANDICAP, 1 3-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., July 4 \$25,000 Added  
THE MILES STANDISH STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts & geldings, Sat., July 8 \$10,000 Added  
THE HANNAH DUSTIN HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, filles & mares, Sat., July 15 \$10,000 Added  
THE MASSACHUSETTS HANDICAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Wed., July 19 \$50,000 Added  
THE MAYFLOWER STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-

## Dairymen To Stress Victory Production

"Dairy Adjustments to Help Win the War and Hold the Gains" is the subject for Virginia dairymen when they meet for their annual convention Wednesday and Thursday, January 26 and 27, in Roanoke.

Dairymen throughout the state have been invited to attend the conference, which opens at 10 a. m. Wednesday at the Hotel Roanoke. Principal speaker for the affair will be Prof. A. A. Borland, head of the department of dairy husbandry at Penn State College.

On schedule for discussion are the milk production goals, curing hay by forced ventilation, processing silage crops, pasture and herd management, the Bang's disease situation, and the state farm labor situation. V. P. I. agricultural specialists will be among the discussion leaders.

J. M. Peck of Fincastle, president of the State Dairymen's Association, will preside. The annual business meetings of the Virginia Jersey Cattle Club, the Virginia Holstein Club, and the Virginia Guernsey Breeders Association will also take place during the two-day convention.

olds, Sat., July 22 \$25,000 Added  
18-June 17—Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 29 days.

**JUNE**  
19-Aug 3—Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 40 days.

**AUGUST**  
4-Sept. 7—Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 30 days.

**SEPTEMBER**  
9-Oct. 17—Hawthorne Chicago Business Men's Racing Ass'n., Cicero, Ill. 34 days.

**OCTOBER**  
18-Nov. 4—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 30 days.

## Horse Shows

**APRIL**  
9—2nd Annual San Angelo Colt Show, San Angelo, Texas.

**MAY**  
21—Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, N. Y.  
21—Western Massachusetts Horse Show Ass'n., Springfield, Mass.  
27-28—Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.  
27-28—Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.  
29—Vassar Horse Show, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

**JUNE**  
3-4—Watchung Riding & Driving Club Horse Show, Watchung, N. J.  
8-10—Sedgefield Horse Show, Inc., Sedgefield, N. C.  
14-15—Charles Town Horse Show Ass'n., Inc., Charles Town, W. Va.  
16—Country Club of Rye Horse Show, Rye, N. Y.  
17-18—Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Tarrytown, N. Y.  
23-24—Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Inc., Darien, Conn.  
24 or 25—Longmeadow Junior Horse Show, Longmeadow, Mass.  
24-25—Three Oaks Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.  
Tecumseh & Kiwanis Clubs Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y. (Date to be announced later.)

**JULY**  
1-2 or Sept. 9-10—Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show, Westport, Conn.  
13-15—Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N. J.

**AUGUST**  
12—Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.  
26—Bath County Horse Show, Inc., Hot Springs, Va.  
26—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show, Keswick, Va.

**SEPTEMBER**  
2 & 4—Warrenton Horse Show Ass'n., Warrenton, Va.  
4—Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.  
4—Pioneer Valley Horse Ass'n., Athol, Mass.  
8-10—Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Md.  
10—Helping Hand Horse Show, Long Island, N. Y.  
14-16 or 28-30—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.  
15-16—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show, Charlottesville, Va.  
16-17—Vernon Horse Show, Oneida, N. Y.  
21-23—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y.  
23-24—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.

**OCTOBER**  
1—Green Briar Horse Show, Green Briar, N. J.  
1-7—Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Omaha, Neb.  
6-8—Rock Spring Horse Show, Inc., West Orange, N. J.  
8—Washington Bridge Trails Ass'n., Washington, D. C.  
**NOVEMBER**  
8-15—National Horse Show Ass'n., New York, N. Y.  
(The above dates are temporary and are subject to changes and additions.)

## Small Grains

Continued from Page Twelve

150 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre applied in late winter or early spring as a top-dressing on fall-seeded wheat, barley, or oats. Use of nitrate of soda at this rate will normally give increased yields of from five to ten bushels per acre, provided nitrogen is needed.

Recent experiments indicate that the last half of February and the first half of March is the best time to do the top-dressing.

The yield of fall-seeded small grains which come through the winter with poor stands can be increased by seeding over them about 1 1/2 bushels of Fulghum oats per acre in February or early March. The fall-seeded small grain won't ripen with the spring-seeded oats, but the oats

will normally hold up the mixture until the oats are ready to harvest.



Our boys must keep on fighting—we must keep on buying WAR BONDS until victory is won. Keep on BACK TO THE ATTACK.

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Rider & Driver, m., horse-sport-pleasure.	3.50
Bit & Spur, m., (horsey)	1.50
Spokesman & Harness World, m.	1.00
Iowa Horseman, m.	2.00
Palomino Horses, m.	1.50
NRA Round Up, (rodeos), M.,	.50
The Cavalry Journal, military	3.00
Horsemen's News, m., (Horsemen's Ben. & Prot. Assn.)	1.00

### LIVESTOCK

The Cattleman	\$1.00
American Cattle Producer	1.00
Florida Cattleman	1.00
National Live Stock Producer	.50
Texas Live Stock Journal	1.00
Pacific Stockman, M.,	1.00
The Sheepman	1.00
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Breeder-Feeder, m., Brahmins, India cattle.	1.00

### BEE MAGAZINES

Gleanings in Bee Culture, per year.	\$1.00
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Fletcher's Farming	.50

### GOATS

American Dairy Goat News	\$1.00
Goat World, (6 months \$1)	2.00

### PIGEONS

American Pigeon Journal, squab-fancy	\$1.50
Pigeon News, fancy only	1.50

### POULTRY

Cackle & Crow, The Poultrypaper	\$1.00
Pacific Poultryman	.50
Bantam Magazine	1.00
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American Small Stock Farmer, (rabbits only)	.50

### FRUIT

Better Fruit, M.,	\$1.00
Eastern Fruit Grower	1.00

### DAIRYING

Dairyland News, s. m.	.50
Dairyman's Journal, M.	.35
Dairy Farmers Digest	1.00

### OTHER SPECIALTIES

The Soybean Digest	1.50
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# In The Country:-



## Virginian Acquires Stallion

The gap created at Rockridge Farm, Leesburg, Virginia when \*Gino died last year has been filled by Halberd, 4-year-old son of \*Blenheim II—Wand, by Man o'War. D. N. Rust, Jr., has been looking around over the countryside for another stallion and said that he was very fortunate indeed to secure Halberd from Walter M. Jeffords. The stallion arrived at Rockridge Farm on the 18, where he will make his first season at stud. His fee is \$200.

Raced only as a 2-year-old in top company and winner of the Saratoga Special, Halberd was taken out of training due to an injury. His dam, Wand, a full sister to Boatwain and half-sister to Firethorn, has produced only stakes winners. She raced only as a 2-year-old and won the Matron Stakes. Baton, dam of Firethorn, has also produced other stakes winners. This good producing blood-line should be a great asset to Virginia breeders.

## Delaware Park

Steeplechasing will come back to Delaware Park in 1944 if the Racing Commission permits the track to resume operations. They have applied for a 30-day meeting beginning May 29 through July 4, with no racing on Monday, June 12 and 19. The vacancy created by the resignation of Edward Burke, vice-president and general manager, may be filled next month.

## Maryland's New Stallion

The Thoroughbred ranks in Maryland has been added to by the addition of the Argentine stallion, Confiado, 11-year-old son of Alan Breck—Cabrilla. He will make his 1st season at stud at Henry L. Salisbury's Cannaday Farm, Sparks, Maryland. He was raced in Argentina and started in this country in 1939. He did not start in 1943 but in his career in the United States, he started 40 times, won 11 races, was 2nd in 5 and 3rd in 2, earning \$31,797.

## String Gloves

A household hint gleaned this week is the way to wash string gloves with linings so the linings won't shrink. Turn them inside out—it's infallible!

## Coming East

Captain Newell J. "Buddy" Ward is being transferred from his present station in California, so Bettina is going to come down before she joins him at his new post.

## For The Week-end

Down from Wilmington for the week-end were Emily Smith and Victor duPont. (Vic is working in Philadelphia), to fill Stonehedge to capacity.

## Silver Wings

Richard P. Kirkpatrick has finished his training at Spence Field,

Moultrie, Georgia and has received the silver wings of the Army Air Forces pilot and appointment as a 2nd Lieutenant. Son of Lt.-Col. Richard J. Kirkpatrick, well-known horseman now in the service overseas, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Warrenton, Virginia, Dick was a regular with the Warrenton Hunt and member of the Fauquier-Loudoun Polo Club.

## Wedding

Chief Petty Office Raymond Morley and Joy Salisbury, daughter of the Kimball Salisburys of Lake Forest, Illinois were recently married at Patuxent, Maryland. The Salisburys are members of Longmeadow Hounds and the Onwentsia Club at Lake Forest and Mrs. Salisbury is one of Chicago's best riders. Joy attended Foxcroft at Middleburg, Virginia for a short time and like her mother, is an ardent horsewoman. Lt. Cmdr. Salisbury is currently stationed at St. Augustine, Florida.

## Ft. Riley Show

The training show held at Fort Riley on the afternoon of January 9 was a success with about 60 horses competing. The Officer's Candidate class was won by Barney, M. Eikersberg up; touch and out, open by Henry Waterson, Gordon Wright up and the 4'-3" class by Masquerader, Charlie Lewis up.

## Outward Bound

Lieutenant Henry Frost has left for overseas, Atlantic direction, but no destination is yet known, while brother Winston finishes a week of Washington duty before he reports to the Pacific seaboard.

## Joe And Glee

Continued from Page Seventeen

saw him tree at night except the aforementioned coon, though George often brought me 'possum tails as proof of Joe's usefulness as a 'possum hound.

In '40, Glee and I went to Maryland to hunt with the Wythemore Club, I as huntsman, Glee as my aid. Glee made his reputation in a hurry by leading the pack in one of his first hunts there; a run from Crocker's Woods the length of Lang Valley and into Ford's Woods, a long run with Glee leading the former leader, Cannonball, all the way.

That winter Glee contracted the little known but very harmful pin worms which I first suspected when he dropped out of a couple of runs and later got so weak I had to carry him in on my horse from a hard run on Chestnut Ridge. Dr. Stewart, of the Baltimore Humane Hospital, cured him of the worms but he soon came down with distemper and pneumonia, a very sick hound.

Knowing Glee shouldn't run again for several weeks, I had Joe shipped to Maryland. He did his best the rest of the season; not the fastest hound but one of the steadiest, the kind that helps the young ones when trailing is difficult. It always gave me a thrill to hear that big voice challenge when the others couldn't hit it off. When Glee was fully recovered it was Joe and Glee again, the same steady partnership, outstanding hounds with outstanding voices.

The next season Joe's age began to

tell but he used his strength to the best advantage. Except for one hunt when I had to leave him in because he had run a nail through his foot, he was always out. It was the first and only hunt he missed in six years. When the pace got really fast he would just drop back, no cutting, no stealing, just set his own pace in the rear but he would be there when the pack slowed down and often helped them when the going was difficult.

Like most other clubs Wythemore had to cut down after the war started and I let practicability overrule sentiment and included Joe in a draft of hounds sent to the Humane Society to be put to sleep. He couldn't stay with the pack any more but was still too beligerent to live in the kennel so it was more humane that way than to keep him tied to an individual kennel through the winter.

Soon after that, Glee was kicked by my horse and knocked unconscious. For a few minutes it looked like the last half of the partnership was gone but he soon recovered and continued that hunt and many more. I depended a lot on Glee because he would handle much better than most of the rest, a direct result of the extra control possible while drag hunting, but his enthusiasm for pleasing me got us both in a little difficulty, an unfortunate occurrence.

From a meet at Knoeble Corner I cast the hounds into the power line cover where they seemed to strike a hot fox right away and went off in full cry. I blew a gone away for the field and cheered to the hounds. They all got away together, apparently a good start to a fast hunt. It was about a half a mile to the nearest farm house but that is where they headed, running the farmer's beagle. Unfortunately I was stopped by wire from following them and they killed the beagle in the farm yard. No one was there to witness or prevent this worst of crimes a pack can commit. The owner of the beagle was in the woods, which accounts for the beagle being so far from home, and the length of the chase undoubtedly helped get the hounds' blood up to make this illegitimate kill. It was my fault to the extent that I cheered the pack but I didn't suspect a dog chase and I hadn't had a bit of trouble with the pack bothering dogs. Glee for one, had never chased a dog in his life but I know he would do his best if he thought that was what I wanted him to run. I also know I could have stopped him quicker than any of the rest if I had known what they were running. A fresh pack doesn't need much encouragement to do wrong though.

The master and part of the field got to the scene of the crime first and brought the hounds away. They told me that several of the hounds

had blood on them but that Glee seemed to have the most. He was forthwith convicted of the crime and suspended from the pack.

I wasn't convinced that Glee was the outlaw he was pictured and I am afraid I was pretty hard to get along with for a while after that, when I would have to leave him in on hunting days and I really missed him in the pack.

There were two litters of pups sired by Glee at the Club that were ready to start so I took Glee out with them on off days for the rest of the season. He never once offered to chase a dog and was a model with the pups.

When the season was over I gave Glee to a night hunter up in the Green Spring country. The fins to Glee's career as far as I can chronicle came the first night he ran for his new master, as he never came back from that run. Soon after that I left Maryland for the Air Corps and I have never heard whether he was found. There are several of his pups in Maryland and some day when this war is over maybe I can find another Glee among his offspring.

So ends the story of two full blooded, red blooded, but not blue-blooded hounds; two southern "pot-bekers" as they might be called here, who did their part and came from obscurity in the deep south to hunting with a recognized Eastern pack, with their names in the stud book not as pedigreed but "listed". They did everything I asked of them and I'll never forget either one.

## Buck & Doe To Hold Their 23rd Hog Sale

Of interest to hog breeders everywhere will be the sale of Poland China gilts and boars at the Buck and Doe Run Valley Farms in Coatesville, Pa., on Wednesday, January 26. This will be their 23rd public auction and they are offering 50 bred gilts and 25 young boars. Additional information may be found in their advertisement on page eleven.

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